Changling
Simpleton
S.r I. Falstafe
Hostes
Clause

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THE WITS, OR, SPORT upon SPORT.

IN

Select Pieces of DROLLERY,

Digeſted into SCENES by way of

DIALOGUE.

Together with Variety of Humors of ſeveral Nations, fitted for the pleaſure and content of all Perſons, either in Court, City, Countrey, or Camp. The like never before Publiſhed.

PART I.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Marſh*, at the Sign of the *Princes Arms* in *Chancery-Lane*, 1662.

To the READERS

The Stationer *ſends Greeting:*

Hereas I have undertaken to collect a *Miſcellany* of all Humours which our Fam'd Comedies have exquiſitely and aptly repreſented in the becoming dreſs of the Stage: Now know ye that I think fit in compliance with the Deſign to uſher in this *Body* of *Humours* with a Preface, for no other reaſon, nor to other purpoſe, then to humour and imitate the *Mode* of Writers; letting you ſee the *folly* and *impertinence* of Epiſtolary *Perſonations* (never *acted* before) which ſhew their Books are chiefly written for their own ſakes, and to *adorn* our *Stalls*.

Now I muſt tell you, my *Plot* with my *Humours* is clearly for ſale; for I intend to raiſe no other reputation to my ſelf then that of Ready Money; and that I onely be-ſpeak in theſe preparatory lines: ſince it were beſides the purpoſe, and an unpardonable preſumption, to *commend* theſe excellent Fancies, which do *commend*, and have *Emerited* univerſal applauſe.

All I am obliged to ſay therefore, is in juſti-

fication of the Collection of them into this entire *consistencie*, the making of a *fluid* a *solid* Body, which even the *Experiment* it self, among the Ingenious, will fairly defend. But I should think the easie *accommodation* of them to every *Gusto* of Delight in this ready *variety* (saving the *difficulty* of *purveying* and hacking up and down) should best *invite* and *entertain* you.

He that knows a Play, knows that Humours have no such *fixedness* and indissoluble *connexion* to the Design, but that without *injury* or *forcible revulsion* they may be *removed* to an *advantage*; which is so demonstrable, that I am sure nothing but a *morose propriety* will offer to deny it.

To be a little serious: I was told by people that know better then my self, they would be in this Model more beneficial in sundry respects, then as they lay dispersed before. There is no sort of Melancholy whose sullen dulness and severe aversion to company, may not at one look be mockt out by one or other of these merry *attemperatures* and resemblances, which will most efficaciously manifest its Folly as in a Glass. Next, he who would make up a Treatment to his Friends by any such diversion, cannot study a more compendious method, without the help of Fidlers and mercenary Mimicks, and the long labor of a Cue: one Scene, which may almost be acted *Extempore*, will be abundantly satisfactory, being chosen fit and suitable to the Company, as none can come amiss. 'Twill make Physick work, 'twill cease

the

the pains of more inveterate diſeaſes, 'twill allay the heat and diſtemper of Wine, and generally it is the *Panacea*, the univerſal Cure, mighty Mirths *Elixir*.

Now you know all the *Story*, Gentlemen; pray remember the *Rump Drolls*, and for their ſakes,

Your old Servant

H. MARSH.

I am loth to confeſs there are any Errours in the Book; but if you find any, and they be not rude ones, pray uſe your Civility, and paſs them over.

A Catalogue of the several Droll-Humours, from what Plays collected, and in what page to be found in this Book.

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THE BOUNCING KNIGHT, OR THE ROBERS ROBD.

ARGUMENT.

A company of mad fellowes resolve to take a Purse, and to that purpose seperate themselves, 4. in one company, 2. in the other, the four Rob and tame true Men, the two Rob those four again. And then all meeting, the 4. exclame against the absent two; and other Scenes of mirth follow.

ACTORS NAMES.

Prince, Hal, Knight, Jack, Poines, Peto, Roff, Hostesse, Drawer.

Enter Several.

HAL. How now *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Jack. A plague of all Cowards I say and a vengeance too, marry and amen; give me a Cup of Sack Boy, no virtue extant, you Rogue; there's lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but Roguery to be found in villanous Man, yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime in it, a villanous Coward, go thy

wayes old *Jack*, dye when thou wilt: if Man-hood, good Man-hood, be not forgot upon the face of the Earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there lives not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat and growes old: a bad World I ſay, and a plague of all Cowards I ſay ſtill.

Hal. How now wool-ſack, what mutter you?

Jack. A Kings Son? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a Dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a ſtock of wild-Geeſe, I'le never weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

Hal. Why you horſon round man what's the matter?

Jack. Are you not a Coward? anſwer me to that, and Poines there.

Hal. Why ye fat paunch, and ye call me, Coward by this light, I'le ſtab thee.

Jack. I call thee Coward? I'le ſee thee damn'd e're I call thee Coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon ſuch backing: give me them that will face me, give me a cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drank to day.

Prince. Oh villaine, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drink'ſt laſt.

Jack. All's one for that, a plague of all cowards ſtill ſay I.

Prince. What's the matter? *Jack.* What's the matter? here be four of us have ta'ne a thouſand pound this morning.

Prince. Where is it, I aske where is it.

Jack. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What a hundred man?

Jack.

Jack. I am a Rogue if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together; I have ſcaped by miracle; I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my ſword hackt like a hanſaw, *ecce ſignum*, I never dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not do, a plague of all Cowards, let them ſpeak, if they ſpeak more or leſs then truth, they are villains, and the ſons of darkneſs.

Poines. Speak Sirs, how was it.

Roff. We four ſet upon a douzen.

Jack. Sixteen at leaſt my Lord.

Roff. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Jack. You rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* elſe, an *Hebrew Jew*.

Roff. And as we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us.

Jack. And unbound the reſt, & then came in the others.

Prince. What fought ye with them all?

Jack. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of raddiſh: if there were not two or three & fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then I am no two-leg'd Creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murther'd ſome of them.

Jack. Nay that's paſt praying for, I have pepper'd two of them; two Rogues in buckrom ſuites: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lye ſpit in my face, call me horſe, thou knowſt my old ward, here I lay, and thus I bore my point, four Rogues in buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. What four? thou ſaids but two even now.

Jack. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poines. I, I, he ſaid four.

Jack. Theſe four came all afront, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more a doe but took all their ſeven points in my Target, thus.——

Prince. Seven? VVhy there were but four even now.

Jack. In Buckrum *Hal*, in Buckrum.

Poines. I four in Buckrum ſuits.

Jack. Seven by theſe Hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

Prince. Prithe let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Jack. Doſt thou hear me.

Hal. I, and mark thee too *Jack.*

Jack. Do ſo for 'tis worth the liſtning to. Theſe nine in Buckrum that I told thee off.

Prince. So, two more already.

Jack. Their points being broken.

Poynes. Down fell his Hoſe.

Iack. Began to give me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought ſeven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O Monſtrous! eleven Buckrum men grown out of two.

Iack. But as the divell would have it, three mis-begotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back and let drive at me, for it was ſo darke *Hal* that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prince. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets, groſſe as a Mountain, open, palpable, why thou clay-brain'd guts thou knotty pated fool, thou horſon obſcent greaſy tallow catch. *Iack.* VVhat? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prince. VVhy how couldſt thou know theſe men in Kendall green, when it was ſo dark thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? what ſaidſt thou to this?

Poines. Come, your reaſon *Iack*, your reaſon.

Iack. VVhat upon compulſion? and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the VVorld, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion? were reaſons as plenty as Blackberries, I would give no Man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

Prince.

Prince. I'le be no longer guilty of this ſin, this ſanguine Coward, this Bed-preſſer, this horſeback breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Iack. You ſtarvling, you Elf-skin, you dryed Neats tongue, Bulls pizle, you ſtock fiſh: O for breath to utter what is like thee? you Taylors yard, you ſheath, you Bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding *Turke*.

Prince. Hear me ſirrah bumbaſt----

Poynes. Mark *Iack*.

Prince. We two ſaw you four ſet upon four, bound them, and were Maſters of their wealth, then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from the prize; what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out to hid thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poynes. Come lets hear *Iack*, what trick haſt thou now?

Iack. By the Lord I knew ye as well as he that made ye, why hear you Maſters, was it for me to kill the heire apparant? ſhould I turn up in the true *Prince*? why thou know'ſt *I* am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſtinct, the Lyon will not touch the true *Prince*. Inſtinct is a great matter, I was a Coward on inſtinct; I ſhall think the better of my ſelfe, and thee during my life; I for a valiant Lyon, and thou for a true *Prince*: but by the Lord Lads, I am glad you have the money, *Hoſteſſe* clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, what hearts of Gold ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a Play *ex tempore*.

Prince. Content and the argument ſhall be thy runing away.

Iack. O no more of that *Hal* if thou loveſt me.

Prince. How long i'ſt ago *Iack* ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine own knee.

Iack. My own knee? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles tallant in the VVaſt: I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumb-Ring, a plague of ſighing and greif, it blowes a man up like a Bladder; but to

he Play *Hal.* *Prince.* I have a mind *Iack*, that thou ſhouldſt ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the perticulars of my life.

Iack. Content: this Chaire ſhall be my State, this dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crown. Well if the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved, give me a cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept: For I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in King Cambyſis veyne.

Prince. Well, here is my Leg.

Iack. And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobility.

Hoſteſſe. O the Father, how he holds his countenance, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players as ever I ſee.

Iack. Peace good pint Pot, peace good tickle braines. *Harry* I do not only marvel where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo how thou art accompanyed, thou art my Son, I have partly thy Mothers word, partly my opinion, but cheifely a villanous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neither lip that doth warrant me. There is a thing *Harry* which thou haſt often heard off, and known to many, in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers report) doth defile, ſo doth the company thou keepeſt, yet there is one vertuous Man whom I have noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of Man, and it like your Majeſty?

Iack. A good portly man y'faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage, and as I think his age ſome fifty, or bir Lady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaff*: if that man be lewdly given he deceives me, for *Harry* I ſee vertue in his lookes; If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaff*, and now thou noughty varlet, tell me where haſt thou been this moneth?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeak like a King? do thou ſtand for me, and I'le play my father.

Iack. If thou doſt it ſo Majeſtically, hang me up by the heels for a Rabbet-ſucker or a Poulters Hare.

Prince. Well here I am ſet.

Iack. And here *I* ſtand, judge my Maſters.

Prince. Now *Harry* whence come you?

Iack. My noble Lord from *Eaſtcheap*.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Iack. Zlud my Lord they are falſe: nay I'le tickle you for a young Prince.

Prince. Swear'ſt thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth n'ere look on me, thou art violently carryed away from grace; there is a divell haunts thee in the likeneſs of a fat old man, a Tun of man, is thy companion, why doſt thou converſe with that trunck of humors, that boulting-Butch of beaſtlineſs? that ſwolne parcell of dropſies, that huge bombard of Sack, that ſtuff cloak bag of guts, that roaſted manning-tree Oxe, with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, wherein is he good but to taſt Sack, and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? wherein cunning but in craft? wherein crafty but in villany? wherein vallanous but in all things? wherein Worthy but in nothing?

Iack. I would your grace would take me with you: who meanes your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable miſleader of youth, *Falſtaff*, that old white bearded ſatan.

Iack. My Lord the man I know.

Prince. I know thou doſt.

Iack. But to ſay I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know; that he is old, (the more the pitty;) his white haires do witneſs it: but that he is (ſaving your reverence) a whoremaſter, that I utter

ly deny; if Sack and Sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſin, then many an old Hoſt that I know is damn'd; if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean Kine are to be belov'd my good Lord: Baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poynes*; but for ſweet *Iack Falſtaff*, kind *Iack Falſtaff*, true *Iack Falſtaff*, valiant *Iack Falſtaff*; and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Iack Falſtaff*, baniſh not him thy *Harry's* company; baniſh plump *Iack*, and baniſh all the World.

Prince. I do. I will. *Enter Bardol.*

Bardol. Oh my Lord the Sheriffe with a monſtrous watch is at the door.

Iack. Out you Rogue, play out the play, I have much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaff*. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Iack* and *Bardol.*

Iack. Am I not falne away vilely, do I not bate? do I not diminiſh? my skin hangs about me like an old Ladies looſe Gown, I am withered like an old apple *Iohn*: well I'le repent, and that ſuddainly I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent, and I ha'not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a *pepper*-corn, villanous company hath been the ſpoile of me.

Bardol. Sir *Iohn* you are ſo fretfull you cannot live long.

Iack. Why there's it, come ſing me a bawdy ſong, make me merry, well I have been as vertuouſly given as a Gentleman need to be, lived well and in good compaſſe, and now I live out of all order, out of all compaſſe.

Bardol. VVhy you are ſo fat Sir *Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe, all reaſonable compaſſe Sir *Iohn*.

Iack. O mend thou thy face, and I'le mend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou beareſt the Lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee, thou art the King of the burning Lamp, when thou run'ſt up Gads Hill in the night to catch my Horſe if I did not think thou hadſt been an *Ignis*

fatuus

fatuus or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money, O thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlaſting Bon-fire, by night.

Bardol. I would my face were in your belly.

Iack. God a mercy, ſo I ſhould be heart-burnt. Now dame partlet the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pickt my pocket. *Enter Hoſteſſe.*

Hoſteſſe. Why, Sir *Iohn* do you think I keep theeves in my Houſe Sir *Iohn.*

Iack. I'le beſworne my pocket was pickt; go, you are a woman, go.

Hoſteſſe. VVho I? I defie thee: 'ods light *I* never was call'd ſo in my own Houſe before, you owe me money Sir *Iohn*, *I* bought you a douzen ſhirts to your back.

Iack. Dowlis, filthy Dowlis, *I* have given them away to Bakers VVives, they have made boulters of them; *I* ſay my pocket was pickt, *I* have loſt a Seal-Ring of my Grandfathers worth fourty markes.

Hoſteſſe. Oh Lord *I* have heard the *Prince* tell him *I* know how oft that Ring was Copper.

Iack. The Prince is a *Iack*, a ſneak-cap, and he were here *I* would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince.

Hoſteſſe. Good my Lord hear me.

Iack. Prithee let her alone and liſt to me, this houſe is turn'd bawdy houſe, my pocket has been pickt here.

Prince. And what didſt thou loſe *Iack?*

Iack. If thou wilt believe me *Hal*, three or four Bonds of fourty pounds a peece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grandfathers.

Prince. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſteſſe. I told him you ſaid ſo, and he ſaid he would cudgel you.

Prince. VVhat a' did not.

Hoſteſſe. As *I* am a true woman he did.

Iack;

Jack. Go you thing, go. *Hoſteſſe.* Say, what thing, what thing?

Iack. Why, a thing to thank God on.

Hoſteſſe. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it.

Prince. Thou ſlandereſt her moſt groſely.

Hoſteſſe. So he doth you my Lord, he ſaid the other day you ought him a thouſand pound.

Prince. Sirrah do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Iack. A thouſand pound *Hal*? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Hoſteſſe. Nay, my Lord he cal'd you *Iack*, and ſaid he would cudgell you.

Iack. Did I *Bardol?*

Bardol. Indeed Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Iack. Yea if he ſaid my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I ſay 'tis Copper: dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Iack. Why *Hal?* thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man *I* dare: but as thou art *Prince I* fear thee as I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelp.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Iack. The King himſelfe is to be feared as the Lyon: doſt thou think *I'*le fear thee, as *I* fear thy Father? nay, and *I* do, *I* pray my Girdle may break.

Prince. *If* it ſhould, how would thy Guts fall about thy knees. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Iack as to the Wars.*

Iack. Well *I* have miſus'd the Kings preſs damnably, *I* have got in exchang of 150. Souldiers 300. And od pound, I preſs none but warm ſlaves that had as lieve heare the devell as a Drum, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pins heads, and they have bought out their ſervices, and now my whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, and the like: A mad fellow met me on

on the way, and told me *I* had unloaded all the Gibbets, & preſt the dead bodies, there's not a ſhirt and an halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirt is two napkins tuckt together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a Heralds coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſpeak truth on't, is ſtolne from my hoaſt at St. *Albanes*, but that's all one, they'l find linnen enough on every hedge. *Enter Prince.*

Prince. How now Quilt? tell me whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Iack. Mine Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never ſee ſuch pittyfull Raſcals.

Iack. Tut, tut, good enough to toſs; food for powder, food for powder, they'l fill a pit as well as better: mortall men; mortall men, but *I* would all were well Hal.

Prince. Why, thou ow'ſt a death.

Iack. 'Tis not due yet, and *I* would be loath to pay before the day, what need *I* be ſo forward till *I* am cal'd upon, well 'tis no matter, Honour prickes me on, yea but how if Honour prickes me off when *I* come on? how then? can Honour ſet to a leg? or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: Honour hath no skill in ſurgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word? Ayre: a trym reckoning: who hath it? he that dyed a wedneſday: doth he feel it? no: doth he hear it? No: 'tis inſenſible then? yea to the dead: but will it not live with the living? No: why? detraction will not ſuffer it: therefore *I*'le have none of it, Honour is a meere ſcutchion, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Iack in fight falls down as he were dead, the Prince eſpying him on the ground, ſpeaks.

Prince. What old acquaintance, could not all this fleſh keep in a little life? poor *Iack* farewell; imbowel'd will I ſee thee by and by, till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. *Exit.*

Iack. Imbowel'd? if thou imbowell me to day, I'le give

give you leave to powder me, and eat me to morrow, Z'Bloud 'twas time to counterfeit, or the *Termagant Scot* had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed, the better part of valour is deſtruction; in the which better part I have ſaved my life.---- *I* am afraid of this Gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead; how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore I'le make him ſure; yea and I'le ſwear *I* ſlew him, why may not he riſe as well as *I*? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me! therefore ſirrah with a new wound in your thigh, come you a long with me. *Ent. Pr. again.*

Prince. What's here? art thou alive? thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt ſure.

Iack. No, that's certain, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Jack Falſtaffe*, then I am a *Jack*: there is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, So: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I look to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prince. Why, *Percy* I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Jack. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the World is given to lying! I grant you I was down, & out of breath, and ſo was he, but wee roſe at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* Clock, if I may be beleeved, So: if not, let them that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads, I'le take it upon my death I gave him this wound in the thigh, if the man were alive and would deny it i'de make him eat a peice of my ſword.

Prince. Come bring your luggage nobly on your back, for my part, if a lye will do thee grace, I'le guild it with the happieſt termes I have.

Jack.

Jack, I'le follow, as they ſay, for a reward: He that rewards me, God reward him, if I do grow great, I'le grow leſs: for I'le purge and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a Noble man ſhould do. *Exit.*

JENKINS
Love-courſe, and Perambulation.

ARGUMENT.

He finds his defect in Courtſhip, goes to Schoole to learn it, where he meets with ſome affronts; Then he wanders to the Woods to ſeek his Miſtreſs, and is encountred by an Eccho, &c.

ACTORS NAMES.

Jenkins, Jocarello, Page, Miſtreſs, Infortunio, Gaſpero, Eccho, Bubulons, Antonio.

Enter Jenkins, Page, and Miſtreſs.

Jenk. LOok you Pages where our ſweet Heart and pigs-mies be; Sentlewoman if her know not her name, was *Jenkin* born in *Wales*, came of Pighouſe, and pritiſh bloods, was have great hils and Mountaines awle her owns, when was get 'um again, any was her Confins and her Country-man was never conquer'd, but alwayes have the victories pravely, have her armes and ſcuſhrins, to know that ſay you, was give in her creſts great deale of monſters and Dragons, kill 'um with their hookes very valiantly, as any Sentleman in the whole World: was pleaſe you place her affections and good wils upon her in ways of makemony, mark you; teal plainly, *Jenkin* was love her very honeſtly, elſe pox upon her, and her will fight in her cauſe and quarrels long as have any plood in bellies and backs too, marke you. Pray you was her love *Jenkin*.

Miſtreſs.

Miſtreſs. In what I may ſerve you, you ſhall command me Sir.

Jenkin. Shall her? was make her meanes & ſatisfactions warrant her, or ſay *Senkin* was no Sentleman of *Wales*, ſay you Pages was have her matrimonies and wedlocks very faſt, and when was get her awle her, her couſins was make joys & gratulations, for her good fortunes upon her *Welſh* Harpes, knaw you dat very well Pages? her fear, her ſhall be Knighted one dayes, and have great cumulations of Uſhips, Honours and dignities too, agreat while ago.

York. And great Caſtles i'th Ayre.

Jenkin. Was give awle our Lands and craggy Tenements in *Wales* away to our Couſin *ap Shon*, and live her ſelfe here upon very good faſhions with our monies and mighty riches, when her can get 'um.

To him Infortunio.

Infortunio. Whether ſo faſt; thou muſt get to hell by night, and thou goeſt but Aldermans pace.

Ienkin. By cots plood her will go to the devill and her lift, what is that to her?

Infortunio. Your name is Mr. *Ienkin.*

Ienkin. And what have her to ſay to Mr. *Shenkin*, *Shenkin* was as good names as her own, pray you, was good Shentleman as her ſelfe, know very well, ſay you now?

Infortunio. God boy, Sir: *Ienkin.* Poyes, does her call her boyes? hark you? her name is *Shenkin*, her be no poyes no ſhildren, was knock as tall a man as her ſelfe, an her *Welſh* plood be up, look you.

Infortunio. 'Tis impoſſible.

Ienkin. Piple papels, 'tis very poſſible.

Infortunio. An hunger ſtarv'd Raſcall.

Ienkin. Raſcals? ſhe ſhu? was never ſuch names and appellations put upon her awle her days, begar her will make you eat up all her urds and ignominies, and her plade

plade shall make holes in her pellies diggon. *Inf.* I could curse. *Ien.* Her can curse & swear too look you now.

Infortunio. Pardon divinest Creature I submit.

Ienkin. Nay and her crave pardons and make submissions, *Shenkin* was put up awle her anger and indignations farewell. *Exit.*

Ienkin from his study.

Ienkin. *Ienkin* has risen very early this mornings and been in studies and contemplations to make dities and ferces upon her *Mistress.* Beauties and pulchritudes, but the tevill sure is in these Poetries, *To him his Page, the Lady coming by.* Pages have her seeme treames and apparitions? harke you, Was *Selina* turn'd sheapheardess, pray you?

Page. We dream els Sir, the case is altered.

Ienkin. What a tevill is in the matters and businesses pray you? cases! never was knawn such cases and alterations in awle her life, womans never weare preeches in *Wales*, 'tis not possible we are awle in treames and visions, very treames and visions.

Exeunt.

Jenkin as at the Schoole.

Ienkin. Bless you Shentlemen awle, and your studies and contemplations: is here a Schoole of complements pray you.

Gaspero. A place of generous Breeding.

Ienkin. Shenerous preeding, harke you her name was *Ienkin*, a good Shentleman 'tis knawn, he take no pleasures and delectations in urds, *Welshmen* have awle hearts and fidelities marke you, yet if your Urships has any madrigals look you, for in truth was going now to the woods and forests, her will give you good payments of awle your inventions and muses pray you, here is monies and considerations look you.

Infortunio. Hey? how came you all thus damn'd?

Jenkin.

Ienkin. Damn'd, whose damn'd? is *Shinkin* damn'd?

Gaspero. Humor him a little.

Ienkin. Will you have her be damn'd? when hear you pray a *Welshman* was damn'd? of all things in the Urld her cannot abid to be damn'd.

Infortunio. What are you. *Ienkin.* Her have no mind at all to be damn'd, be gar her will fight with her, and kill awle the devills in hell: diggon.

Gaspero. Sir 'tis but in jest.

Ienkin. In jests, is it in jests? well, look you her will be content to be damn'd in jests and merriments for you.

Infortunio. You will tell me what you are damn'd for?

Ienkin. And her be so hot, was get some body else to be damn'd for *Ienkin*: her will tell her in patiences, look you, her was damn'd for her valour, and riding the Urld of monsters, look you Dragons with seven heads, and serpents with tailes a mile long pray you.

Infortunio. Oh! let me hug thee *Owen Glendower.*

Ienkin. Owen Glendower was her Cousin pray, so farewell Shentlemen, now her mean to make travails and peregrinations to the voes and plaines, look you very fast. *Exit.*

Ienkin in the Woods.

Ienkin. Has almost lost her selfe in these vods and Wilderneses, was very weary of these journeys and travels in foot-backs: have not since her coming beheld any my reasonable creatures: bless us awle, *Iocarello* is lost too, cannot tell where, in these mazes and labourinths;

Iocarello. So ho.

Eccho. So ho. *Jenkin* Ha, there's some podies yet, harke you t'ere, here is a Shentleman of *Wales*, look you, desires very much to have speeches and confabulations with you: where is her: *Eccho:* here is her.

Jenkin. Here is her? knaw not which wayes to come to her: pray you tell *Jenkin* where you be?

Eccho. Boobie. *Jenkin.*

Jenkin. Poobies was her call her poobies? tis very ſawcy travels, her will teach her better manners, and moralities; mark you now, if her get her in reaches and circumferences of her *Welſh* plaids, truely. *Eccho.* You lye. *Jenkin.* How lyes, and poobies too? hark you, *Jenkin* was give you mawles and knocks for your poobies, and lies, and indignities, look for your pates now. *Exit*

Enter again *with his Sword drawn.*

Here is no poodies but Buſhes and Bryers, look you awle is very quiet: ſo ho, ho. *Eccho.* So ho, ho.

Jenkin. Her am very much deceived, now it comes into our mindes, if theſe voices be not Ecchos, *Eccho.* Eccho. *Jenkin.* 'Tis very true, but her marvell much, have her Ecchos in theſe Countries, pray you?

Eccho. Yes pray you.

Jenkin. Warrant her 'tis a *Welſh Eccho* was follow *Jenkin* in love out of *Wales.*

Eccho. Out of *Wales.* *Jenkin.* 'Tis very true, bleſs us awle now, her to remembrances and memories, her had communications and talkings with this very *Eccho* in *Glamorgan-Shire*, in de Vallies and Talles there look you, her am very glad her hath met with Ecchos was born in her own Countries, harke you, *Jenkin* was travell hither out of loves and affections to Selina. *Eccho.* Nay.

Jenkin. Nay, Yes very true, pray you tell her, be *Selina* in theſe Woods, or no?

Eccho. No. *Jenkin.* No, where is her then? have her taken awle theſe labours and ambulations in vanities? ſay you, ſhall *Jenkin* then go back as he came?

Eccho. As he came, *Jenkin.* Gon? it is not poſſible, hit may be *Selina* was turn'd ſpirits and be inviſible rather, ſhe is not gon verily. *Eccho.* There you lye.

Jenkin. Lye, very well, you have priviledges to give lies and awle things in the Urld, but her will not leave theſe Vods for awle dat; her will be pilgrims awle tayes

of her lifes e'r e her go without her.

Eccho. Go without her.

Jenkin. How, not love *Jenkin?* then there is a tevill in awle female sexes: know very well she promise loves and good wills in times, great while ago, pray you now, her will talke no longer with you, pray you if you meet her Pages, bid her make hasts and expeditions after her, fare you well. *Eccho.* Fare you well.

Exit.

Jenkin and Jocarello.

Jocarello. So ho, ho, master *Jenkin.*

Jenkin. It is our Pages agen. *Jocarello* where have you been? you are very tilligent poyes to loose your master thus.

Jocarello. I was lost my self. *Jenkin.* Ha pages, here is *Selina*, awle was very true as our Country-woman Ecchos was make reports. Mrs. *Selina* call you to memories your promised loves to *Jenkin* in matrimonies creat while ago.

Antonio. I am married to *Ruffaldo.* *Jenkin.* Hit is not possible, *Jenkin* was never awle her dayes have such injuries and contumelies have her made repetitions and Genealogies of her plood for no Matrimonies: hum, *Jenkin* could fight with any podies in the whole Urld now, look you Master *Blew*-potles have you any stomacks or appetites to have any plowes or knocks upon your custard; look you now?

Bubulons. No good stomack at this time.

Omnes. Come wee'l all be friends.

Jenkin. Here is very good honest urds, yes look you *Shenkin* is in all amities and friendship, but-----

Antonio. Oh, no more shooting at that But.

Exeunt.

The

The *falſe Heire*, and *formal Curate*.

ARGUMENT.

The younger Brother conceiving himſelfe intituled to his elder Brothers eſtate, ſells it, the Curate a long lover of a Ladies worne out Gentlewoman claps up a match with her.

ACTORS NAMES.

Younger Brother, Captain, Poet, Steward, Uſurer, Widdow, and Comrades, &c. Curate and his Miſtreſs, &c.

Captain.

SAve thy brave ſhoulder, my young puiſſant Knight, and may thy Backſword bite Them to the bone, that love thee not, thou art an errant Man, go on, the circumcis'd ſhall fall by thee. Let land and labour fill the Man that tills, thy Sword muſt be thy Plow, and *love* it ſpeed, *Mecha* ſhall ſweat, and *Mahomet* ſhall fall, and thy deare name fill up his Monument.

Young Loveleſs. It ſhall Captain, I mean to be a worthy.

Captain. One worthy is too little, thou ſhalt be all.

Morecraft. Captain I ſhall deſerve ſome of your love too.

Captain. Thou ſhalt have heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me Money, I am a man of Garriſon, be rul'd, and open to me thoſe infernal gates, whence none of thy evil Angels paſſe again, and I will ſtile thee noble, nay *Don Diego* I'le woo thy *Infaunta* for thee, and my Knight ſhall feaſt her with high meates, and make her apt.

Morecraft. Pardone me Captain, y'are beſide my meaning.

Young Loveleſs. No Mr. *Morecraft* 'tis the Captains meaning I ſhould prepare her for yee.

Captain. Or provoke her. Speak my modern Man, I ſay provoke her.

Poet. Captain I ſay ſo too, or ſtir her to it, ſo ſayes the Criticks. *Young Loveleſs.* However you expound it, ſhe is welcome, come ſit down, ſome wine here, there is a ſcurvy banquet, if we had it. All this fair houſe is yours Sir; *Savil?* *Savil.* Yes Sir.

Young Loveleſs. Are your keyes ready, I muſt eaſe your burden.

Savil. I am ready to be undone Sir when you ſhall call me to't.

Young Loveleſs. Come, come, thou ſhalt live better.

Savil. I ſhall have leſs to do, that's all; there is halfe a dozen of my friends i'th fields Sunning againſt a bank, with halfe a breech among 'um, I ſhall be with 'um ſhortly, the care and continuall vexation of being rich, eat up this raſkal; what ſhall become of my poor family, they are no ſheep, and they muſt keep themſelves.

Young Loveleſs. Drink Mr. *Morecraft*. *Captain*, ſpeak loud and drink: Widdow a word.

Captain. Expound her throughly Knight. Here God a gold? here's to thy fair Poſſeſſions: Be a Baron, and a bold one; leave off your tickling of young heirs like trouts, and let thy Chimnies ſmoke, feed men O'war, live and be honeſt, and be ſaved yet. *He courts the widdow for himſelf.*

Morecraft. I thank you worthy Captain for your councel, you keep your Chimnies ſmoking there, your noſtrils; and when you can, you feed a man of war, this makes you not a Baron, but a bare one, and how or when you ſhall be ſaved, let the Clerk o'th company (you have commanded) have a juſt care of.

Poet. The man is much moved, Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet ſings, let your diſpleaſure be a ſhort fury, & go out. You have ſpoke home and bitterly to me Sir? Captain

tain take trnce, the Miſer is a tart, and a witty whorſon.

Captain. Poet, you fain perdie; the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he muſt tell all; his tongue fils his mouth like a Neats tongue, & only ſerves to lick his hungry chaps after a purchaſe: his Braines and brimſtone are the Devils dyet to a fat Uſurers head: to her Knight, to her: clap her aboard, and ſtow her, where's the brave Steward.

Savil. Here's you poor friend, and *Savil* Sir.

Captain. Away th'art rich in Ornaments of nature, firſt in thy face, thou haſt a ſerious face; abetting, bargaining, and ſaving face, a rich face, pawn it to the Uſurer; a face to kindle the compaſſion of the moſt ignorant and frozen Juſtice.

Savil. 'Tis ſuch I dare not ſhew it ſhortly Sir.

Captain. Be blithe, and bonny Steward; Mr. *Morecraft* drink to this Man of reckoning?

Morecraft. Here's even to him.

Savil. The divell guid it downward, would there were in't an acre of the great Broomfeild, he bought; to ſweep his durty conſcience, or to choak you.

Young Loveleſs. Do but look on him, there's nothing in that hid-bound Uſurer; that man of mat, that al decay'd but Arches: for you to love, unleſſe his periſht Lungs, his dry Cough, or his ſcurvy; this is truth, and he has yet paſt cure of Phyſick, ſpaw, or any dyet, a primitive pox in his bones; and a' my knowledge he has been ten times rowel'd; he had a baſtard, his own towardly iſſue, whipt, and then cropt for waſhing out the Roſes, in three farthings to make 'um pence. *Wid.* I do not like theſe morals.

Young Loveleſs. You muſt not like him then. By my troth Sir y'are welcom. *Savil.* I dare ſay he's glad at heart to ſee you. *To them, Elder Loveleſs.*

Morecraft. This money muſt be paid again.

Young Loveleſs. No Sir, pray keep the ſale, 'twill make good Taylors meaſures:

Savil. I know not where I am, I am so glad; your worship is the welcom'st man alive; upon my knees I bid you welcome home: here have been such a hurry, such a din, such dismall drinking, swearing and whoreing, 'thas almost made me mad: We have lived in a continual *Turneball*-street; Sir, blest be Heaven, that sent you safe again; now shall I eat, and go to bed again.

Elder Loveless. What does that fellow tarry for?

Young Loveless. Sir, to be Landlord of your House and state: I was bold to make a little sale Sir:

Morecraft. Am I or'e reacht? if there be Law I'le hamper you.

Elder Loveless. Prithee be gon, eat rediſh till you raise your summs again, you are a stale Cozener, leave my house: no more.----

Morecraft. A pox upon your house. Come Widdow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamster.

Widdow. Good twelve in the hundred, keep your way I am not for your dyet, marry in your own tribe Jew, and get a Broker.

Exit Morecraft.

Elder Lov. To you good Mr. *Savil*, and your office; thus much I have to say, y'are from my Steward become, first your own drunkard, then his Baud: they say you are excellent grown in both, & perfect: give me your keys sir *Savil*, where's the best drink now? where's the soundest Whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dryed ape, ye lame stallion, must you be leading in my House your Whores, like Fairies daunceing their night rounds, without fear either of King or Constable? Are all my Hangings safe, my sheep unfold yet? I hope my Plate is Currant, I ha' too much on't. What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Savil. Good Sir forgive me, and but hear me speak?

Elder Loveless. Methinks thou should'st be drunk still, and not speak, 'tis the more pardonable.

Savil.

Savil. I will Sir, if you will have it ſo.

Elder Lovel. I thank ye. Yes, 'ene purſue it Sir; de'ye hear? Get you a Whore ſoon for your recreation: go look out Captain broken-breech your fellow, and quarrel if you dare; I ſhall deliver theſe keyes to one ſhall have more honeſty, though not ſo much fine wit Sir; you may walk and gather creſſes Sir, to cool your liver; there's ſomething for you to begin a dyet, you'l have the pox elſe; ſpeed you well Sir *Savil*: you may eat at my houſe to preſerve life, but keep no Fornication in the ſtables.

Exeunt.

Savil. Now muſt I hang my ſelfe, my friends will look for't. Eating and ſleeping I do deſpiſe you both now; I will run mad firſt, and if that get not pitty, I'le drown my ſelfe to a moſt diſmall ditty. *Exit.*

Abigal ſolus for her loſſe of time.

Abigal. Alas poor Gentlewoman, to what a miſery hath age brought thee: to what a ſcurvy fortune? Thou that haſt been a companion of Noblemen, and at the worſt of thoſe times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Serving-man, muſt beg for favour to thoſe that would have craul'd like *pilgrims* to thy chamber, but for an apparition of me; you that be coming on, make much of fifteen, and ſo till five and twenty, uſe your time with reverence that your profit may ariſe; it will not tarry with you, *Ecce ſignum*: here was a face! but time, that like a ſurfeit, eates our youth, plague of his Iron teeth, and draw 'um for't, has been a little bolder here then welcome? and now to ſay the truth, I am fit for no man, old men i'th houſe of fifty call me Grannam; and when they are drunk, e'ne then, when *Joane* and my Lady are all one, not one will do me reaſon; my little Levite hath forſaken me, his ſilver ſound of Cittern quite abolliſht, his dolefull Hymns under my Chamber window, digeſted into tedious learning; well fool, you leapt a haddock when you left him; he's a clean

man, and a good edifier, and twenty nobles in's eſtate *de claro*, beſides his Pigs in *poſſe*, to this good Homiliſt I have been ever ſtubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners: & love if ever thou hadſt care of forty, of ſuch a peece of lapland ground, hear my prayer, and fire his zeal ſo far forth, that my faults in this renewed impreſſion of my love, may ſhew corrected to our Gentle Reader.

To her Roger.

See how negligently he paſſes by me? With what an Equipage canonicall? As though he had broken the heart of *Bellarmine*, or added ſomething to the ſinging brethren. 'Tis ſcorne, I know it and deſerve it.——Maſter *Roger*.

Roger. Faire Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abigal. Then Gentle *Roger*.

Roger. Ungentle *Abigal*.

Abigal. Why Mr. *Roger*, will you ſet your wit to a weak Womans.

Roger. You are weak indeed, for ſo the Poet ſings,

Abigal. I confeſſe my weakneſs ſweet Sir *Roger*.

Roger. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is loſt to you now) leave your prating, you have a ſeaſon of your firſt Mother in you; and ſurely had the Divell been in love, he had been abuſed too: go Dalida, you make men fooles and weare fig Breeches.

Abigal. Well, well, hard hearted man; dilate upon the weak infirmities of Women; theſe are fit Texts, but once there was a time; would I had never ſeen thoſe eyes, thoſe eyes, thoſe Orient eyes.

Roger. I, they were pearles once with you.

Abigal. Saving your reverence Sir, ſo they are ſtill.

Roger. Nay, nay, I do beſeech you leave your cogging, what they are, they are, they ſerve me without ſpectacles I thank 'um.

Abigal. O will you kill me?

Roger.

Roger. I do not think I can, y'are like a coppy hold with nine lives in't.

Abigal. You were wont to beare a Chriſtian fear about you; For your own worſhips ſake?

Roger. I was a Chriſtian fool then: do you remember what a dance you led me? How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a Dunce? Could expound but once a quarter, & then was out too: and then out of the ſtinking ſtir you put me in, I prayed for my own Royal iſſue, you do remember all this?

Abigal. O be as then you were.

Roger. I thank you for it, ſure I will be wiſe *Abigal*; and as the Ethnick Poet ſings, I will not looſe my Oyle and labour too, y'are for the Worſhipfull I take it *Abigal.*

Abigal. O take it ſo, and then I am for you.

Roger. I like theſe teares well, and this humbling alſo; they are ſymptomes of contrition; if I ſhould fall into my fit again, would you not ſhake me into a Quotidian Coxcombe; would you not uſe me ſcurvily again, and give me Poſſets with purging comfits in't? I tel thee Gentlewoman, thou haſt been harder to me then a long Pedigree.

Abigal. Oh Curate cure me; I will love thee better, dearer, longer; I will do any thing, betray the ſecrets of the whole houſhould to thy reformation, my Lady ſhall look lovingly on thy learning, and when true time ſhall point thee for a Parſon, I will convert thy Eggs to penny Cuſtards, and thy tithe Gooſe ſhall graſe and multiply.

Roger. I am molifi'd, as well ſhall teſtify this faithfull kiſs, and have a great care Miſtriſs *Abigall* how you depreſs the ſpirit any more with your rebukes and mocks: for certainly the edge of ſuch a folly cuts its ſelfe.

Abigal. O Sir, you have peirſt me thorow; here I vow a recantation to thoſe malicious faults I ever did againſt you, never more will I deſpiſe your learning, never more pin Cards and Cunny tails upon your Caſſock,

never

never again reproach your reverend Night-cap, and call it by the mangy name of murrin, never abuſe your reverend perſon more, & ſay you look like one of *Baals* Prieſts i'th hangings, never again when you ſay grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers, never cramp you more, nor when you ride get Soap and Thiſles for you, no my *Roger*, theſe faults ſhall be corrected and amended, as by the tenor of my teares appeares.

Roger. Now cannot I hold if I ſhould be hang'd, I muſt cry too, come to thine own beloved, and do even what thou wilt with me ſweet, ſweet *Abigal*. I am thine own for ever, here's my hand, when *Roger* proves a recreant hang him in the Bell-ropes.

Lady, How now *Roger*, will no prayers go down with you. *

Roger. Do but ſtay a litle, I'le chop up prayers and be with you again.

* *Here they are interrupted by the Lady, upon which* Roger *breaks forth to* Abigal.

The Character the *Younger Loveleſs* gives of his Comrades to the *Widdow.*

Widdow. But how theſe Sir, ſhould live upon ſo little as Corn and Water, I am unbeleiving.

Young Loveleſs. Why prithe ſweet heart, what's your Ale? is not that corne and water, my ſweet Widdow.

Widdow. I but my ſweet Knight where's the meat to this, and clothes that they muſt look for?

Young Loveleſs. In this ſhort ſentence Ale, is all included; meat, drink, and cloaths; theſe are no ravening Footmen, no fellows, that at Ordinaries dare eat their eighteen pence thrice out before they riſe, and yet go hungry to

a

a play, and crack more nuts then would ſuffice a dozen Squirils; beſides the dinne, which is damnable: Theſe are people of ſuch a clean diſcretion in their dyet, of ſuch a moderate ſuſtenance, that they ſweat, if they but ſmell hot meat; pottage is poyſon, they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter, and ſhew 'um but a Feather-bed they ſound; Ale is their eating and their drinking ſurely, which keeps their bodies cleer, and ſoluble: Bread is a binder, and for that aboliſht, 'ene in their Ale, whoſe loſt room fils an Apple, which is more ayr, and of a ſubtler nature. The reſt they take is little, and that little, is little eaſe, for like ſtrict men of Order, they correct their bodies with a Bench, or a poor ſtubborn Table; if a Chimny offers it ſelf with ſome few broken Ruſhes they are in Down; when they are ſick, that's drunk, if they may have freſh ſtraw, elſe they do deſpiſe theſe Worldly pamperings, for their poor apparell 'tis worne out to the dyet; new they ſeeke none; and if a man ſhould offer, they are angry; ſcarce to be reconcil'd again with him: you ſhall not heare 'um ask one caſt Doublet once in a year: which is modeſty befitting my poor friends: you ſee their Wardrope, though ſlender, competent: for ſhirts I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance, lowzy they will be when they liſt, and mangie, which ſhews a fine variety; and then to cure 'um a Tanners Lime-pit which is little charge, to Dogges and theſe, theſe two may be cur'd for three pence.

Widdow, Uſe your pleaſure Sir. Since I know your Diet Gentlemen, I'le take care that meat ſhall not offend you, you ſhall have Ale.

Captain. We ask no more, let it be mighty Lady; and if we periſh, then our own ſins on us.

THE

The *Lame Common-wealth.*

ARGUMENT.

A ſort of Beggars meet at their Randevouze, and contend about chooſing them a King, but are ſilenced by a Paſſenger, whoſe caſting voice ends the controverſy.

ACTORS NAMES.

Higgen, Ferret, Prig, Clauſe, Snap, Ginkes, Jaculine, Goſwin a Merchant, and Hubert a Gentleman.

Higgen.

COme Princes of the ragged Regiment, you o'the blood, *Prig* my moſt upright Lord, and theſe (what name or title e're they beare) *Jarkman* or *Patrico*, *Cranks*, or *Clapperdudgeon*, *Prater*, or *Abram-man*; I ſpeak to all that ſtand in faire election for the title of King of *Beggers*, with the command adjoyning, *Higgen* your *Orator*, in this *inter-Regnum*, that *Whilom* was your Dommerer, doth beſeech you all to ſtand faire, and put your ſelves in rank, that the firſt comer may at his firſt view make a free choice to ſay up the queſtion.

Fer. Prig. 'Tis done Lord *Higgen.* *Enter Clauſe.*

Higgen. Thankes to Prince *Prig*, Prince *Ferret*. But where is *Clauſe*.

Ferret. Behold the man. But pray my Maſters all, *Ferret* be choſen, y'are like to have a mercifull mild Prince of me.

Prig. A very Tyrant, I, an arrant Tyrant. If e're I come to reign; therefore look to't, except you do provide me *Hum* enough, and Lour to bouze with: I muſt have my Capons and Turkies brought me in, with my green Geeſe, and Ducklings i'th ſeaſon: fine fat Chickens, Or if you chance where an eye of tame Pheſants or Partridges

tridges are kept, ſee they be mine, or ſtraight I ſeize on all your priviledges, places, revenues, offices, as forfeit, call in your crutches, wooden legs, falſe bellies, forc'd eyes, and teeth, with your dead armes; nor leave you a durty clout to beg with on your heads, or an old rag with butter, frankinſenſe, brimſtone and rozen, birdlime, blood, and cream to make you an old ſore: not ſo much ſope as you may ſome with i'th falling-ſickneſs; the very bag you beare, and the brown diſh ſhall be eſcheated, all your daintieſt dells too I will deflowre, and take your deareſt Doxies from your warme ſides; and then ſome one cold night I'le watch you what old Barne you go to rouſt in, and there I'le ſmother you all i'th muſty Hay.

Higgen. This is Tyrant like indeed: but what would *Ginkes* or *Clauſe* be here, if either of them ſhould reigne?

Clauſe. Beſt aſk an Aſſe, if he were made a Camell, what he would be; or a Dog and he were a Lyon.

Ginkes. I care not what you are, Sirs, I ſhall be a Beggar ſtill, I am ſure, find my ſelfe there.

Enter *Goſwin.*

Snap. O here a Judge comes.

Higgen. Cry a Judge, a Judge.

Goſwin. What ayle you ſirs? what meanes this out-cry?

Higgen. Maſter, a ſort of poor ſoules met: Gods-ſools, good Maſter, have had ſome little variance amongſt our ſelves who ſhould be honeſteſt of us; and which upright-eſt in his call: now cauſe me thought we ne're ſhould gree on't our ſelves, becauſe indeed 'tis hard to ſay; we all diſſolv'd, to put it to whom that ſhould come next, and that's your Maſterſhip, who I hope, will termine it as your minde ſerves you, right, and no otherwiſe we ask it: which? which does your worſhip think is he? ſweet Maſter look over us all, and tell us; we are ſeaven of us, like to the ſeaven wiſe Maſters, or the Planets.

Goſwin. I ſhould judge this the man with the grave beard, and if he be not,—— *Clauſe.*

Clauſe. Bleſs you good Maker, bleſs you.

Goſwin. I would he were: there's ſomething too amongſt you to keep you all honeſt.

Snap. King of Heaven go with you.

Omnes. Now God reward him, may he never want it, to comfort ſtill the poor in a good houre.

Ferret. What i'ſt ? ſee; *Snap* has got it.

Snap. A good Crown marry:

Prig. A crown of Gold.

Ferret. For our new King; good luck.

Ginkes. To the common treaſury with it; if 't be Gold thither it muſt.

Prig. Spoke like a Patriot, *Ferret*——

King *Clauſe*, I bid God ſave the firſt, firſt, *Clauſe*, after this golden token of a Crown; where's Orator *Higgen* with his gratuling ſpeech now in all our names?

Ferret. Here he is pumping for it.

Ginkes. H'has cough'd the ſecond time, 'tis but once more and then it comes.

Ferret. So, out withall; expect now——

Higgen. That thou art choſen venerable *Clauſe*, our King and Soveraign; Monarch o'th Maunders, thus we throw up our Nab-cheats, firſt for joy, & then our filches; laſt we clap our fambles, three ſubject ſignes, we do it without envy: for who is he here did not wiſh thee choſen, now thou art choſen? ask 'um: all will ſay ſo, nay ſwear't, 'tis for the King, but let that paſs; when laſt in conference at the bouzing Ken this other day we ſat about our dead Prince of famous memory: (reſt, go with his rags:) and that I ſaw thee at the Tables end, riſe mov'd, and gravely leaning on one Crutch, lift the other like a Scepter at my head, I then preſag'd thou ſhortly would'ſt be King, and now thou art ſo: but what needs preſage to us, that might have read it in thy beard: Oh happy beard! but happier Prince whoſe beard was ſo remark'd,

as

as marked out our Prince, not baiting us a haire. Long may it grow, and thick and faire, that who lives under it, may live as ſafe, as under Beggars-Buſh, of which this is the thing, that but the Type.

Omnes. Excellent, excellent Oratour, forward good *Higgen*, give him leave to ſpit: the fine, well ſpoken *Higgen.*

Higgen. This is the beard, the buſh, or buſhy-beard under whoſe Gold and Silver raign 'twas ſaid ſo many ages ſince, we all ſhould ſmile on impoſitions, taxes, grievances, knots in a State, and whips unto a ſubject, lye lurking in his beard, but all kem'd out: if now the Beard be ſuch, what is the Prince that owes the Beard? a father; no, a Grandfather; nay the great Grandfather of you his people. He will not force away your Hens, your Bacon, when you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you the fatteſt of your puddings: under him each Man ſhall eat his own ſtolne Eggs and Butter, in his own ſhade, or Sun ſhine, and enjoy his own deare Dell, Doxy, or Mort, at night in his own ſtraw, with his own ſhirt, or ſheet, that he hath filch'd that day, I, and poſſeſs what he can purchaſe, back, or belly-cheats, to his own prop: he will have no purveyors for Pigs, and Poultry.

Clauſe. That we muſt have, my Learned Oratour, it is our will, and every man to keep in his own Path and Circuite.

Higgen. Do you heare.
You muſt hereafter maundon your own pads he ſaies.

Clauſe. And what they get there, is their own, beſides to give good words.

Higgen. Do you mark? to cut Bene-whids, that is the ſecond Law.

Clauſe. And keep a foot the humble, and the common phraſe of begging, leaſt men diſcover us.

Higgen. Yes: and cry ſometimes to move compaſſion, Sir.

Sir, there is a Table, that doth command all these things, and enjoynes 'em; be perfect in their Crutches: their fain'd Plaisters, and their true passe-bords, with the wayes to stammer, and to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame, There, all the halting paces are set down, i'th learned Language.

Clause. Thither I refer them, those, you at leisure shall interpret to them, we love no heapes of Lawes, where few will serve.

Omnes. O gracious Prince, 'save the good King *Clause.*

Higgen. A song to Crown him.

Ferret. Set a Centinell out first. *Snap.* The word?

Higgen. A cove comes, and fumbumbis to it——strike *A Song.* Which ended.

Enter *Snap, Hubert, and Hemskirke.*

Snap. A Cove; Fumbumbis. *Prig.* To your postures; Arme. *Hubert.* Yonders the Town; I see it.

Hemskirk. There's our danger indeed afore us, if our shadows save not. *Higgen.* Blesse your good worships.

Ferret. One small peece of money. *Prig.* Amongst us all poor wretches. *Clause.* Blind and lame. *Ginks.* For his sake that gives all. *Hig.* Pittifull worships.

Snap. One little doit. Enter *Jaculine.*

Jaculine. King, by your leave, where are you?

Clause. To buy a little bread.

Higgen. To feed so many mouths as will ever pray for you. *Prig.* Here be seven of us.

Higgen. Seven, good Master, O remember seven, seven blessings.

Ferret. Remember, gentle Worshipfull.

Higgen. 'Gainst seven deadly sins.

Prig. And seven sleepers.

Higgen. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing——alas we had not a charity this three dayes.

Ferret. Heaven reward you. *Prig.* Lord reward you.

Higgen.

Higgen. The Prince of pitty bleſſe thee.

Hub. Do I ſee? or is't my fancy that would have it ſo? ha? 'tis her face; come hither Maid.

Jaculine. What ha' you Bells for my Squirrel? I ha' giv'n Bun meat, you do not love me do you? catch me a Butterfly, and I'le love you again; when? can you tell? Peace, we go a birding; I ſhall have a fine thing.

Hub. Her voyce too ſayes the ſame; but for my head I would not that her manners were ſo chang'd; hear me thou honeſt fellow; what's this Maiden that lives amongſt you here?

Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. How? nothing but ſignes?

Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. 'Tis ſtrange, I would fain have it her, but not her thus.

Higgen. He is de-- de-- de-- de-- de-- de-- deaf, and du-- du-- du-- dude-dumb ſir.

Hub. 'Slid they did al ſpeak plain ev'n now me thought, doſt thou know this ſame Maid?

Snap. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu, gu, Gods fool ſhe was bo-- bo-- bo-- bo-- born at the Barn yonder by be-- be-- be-- be-- *Beggars Buſh*, bo-- bo-- Buſh, her name is My-- my-- my-- my-- Match; ſo was her Mo-- Mo-- Mothers too too.

Hub. I underſtand no word he ſayes; how long has ſhe been here?

Snap. lo-- lo-- long enough to be in-- in-- ingled; and ſhe ha go-- go-- go-- good luck *Exeunt Beggers.*

Hub. I muſt be better inform'd, then by this way. here was another face to that I mark'd, Oh the old man's but they are vaniſht all moſt ſuddainly; I will come here again, Oh that I were ſo happy, as to find it, what I yet hope? It is put on. *Exeunt Begger Hubert.*

Enter *Snap, and Ferret.*

Snap. The Coast is cleare, Ferret, I bo-- bo-- bo--'d hence.

Ferret. I, thou wert at thy ba, be, bi, bo, bu, which shew'd thou wert a Schollar.

Snap. He durst not hold discourse with me, so much for the credit of the Snaps, as the word sayes, either Snap some, or Snap all. That is if you cannnot Snap all, Snap some.

Ferret. But thy snaping too short makes thee so leane, I think I have ferreted you there *Snap.*

Snap. We shall not get a snap if we prate longer, our King is serv'd by this time, Dish, and bit, the Feast waites no man, but the man waits it.

Ferret. That is an eager stomack *Snap*; here I Ferret you again. *Exeunt.*

The *Sexton*, or the Mock-*Testator.*

ARGUMENT.

A Covetous jealous Lawyer, that keeps too severe an eye over his Wife, is drawn from home by a wild, to be made an Executor, and thereby enriched, whilest some Gentlemen effect their desire at his House.

ACTORS NAMES.

Sexton, Parson, Lawyer, two Gentlemen.

Table, Stooles, Standish and Paper.

Lawyer. So rich, and I his sole Executor.

Parson. Very right Sir, I am to make his will, will you come neer Sir.

Lawyer. I am sorry neighbour to find you in so weak a State.

State. *Sexton.* Ye are welcome, but I am fleeting, Sir.

Lawyer. Methinks he lookes well, his colour fresh and, strong, his eyes are cheerfull.

Parson. A glimering before death Sir, 'tis nothing els; do you see how he fumbles with the sheetes?

Sexton. My learned Sir pray ye sit, I am bold to send for you to take a care of what I leave.— *Pars.* Do you hear that?

Sexton. My honest neighbours weep not, I must leave ye, I cannot alwayes bear ye company, we must drop still, there is no remedy: pray ye Mr. *Parson* will ye write my Testament, and write it largly, it may be remembred, and be witness to my legacies good Gentlemen: your worship I do make my full Executor, you are a man of wit and understanding: give me a cup of Wine to raise my spirits, for I speak low: I would, before these neighbours, have you to swear, (Sir) that you will see it executed; and what I give, let equally be rendered for my Soules health.

Lawyer. I vow it truly neighbours, let not that trouble ye, before all these, once more I give my Oath.

Sexton. Then set me higher, and pray you come neer me all.

Parson. We are ready for you. *Sexton.* First then, after I have given my Body to the Wormes: (for they must be serv'd first, they are seldome cozen'd.)

Parson. Remember your parish Neighbour.

Sexton. You speak truly, I do remember it, a vile lewd Parish, and pray it may be mended: To the poor of it (which is to all the Parish) I give nothing, for nothing unto nothing is most naturall, yet leave as much space as will build an Hospitall, their children may pray for me.

Lawyer. What do you give to it?

Sexton. Set down two thousand Duckets: To your Worship; (because you must take paines to see all finish'd) I give two thousand more, it may be three Sir, a poor gratuity for your paines-taking. *Lawyer.* These are large

ſums? *Parſon.* Nothing to him that has 'em.

Sexton. To my old Maſter I give five hundred, (five hundred and five hundred are too few Sir) but there are more to ſerve. *Lawyer.* This fellow Coines ſure.

Sexton. Give me ſome more drink, Pray ye buy Books, buy books, you have a learned head ſtuffe it with libraries, and underſtand 'em when ye have done, 'tis juſtice, run not the pariſh mad with controverſies, nor preach not as abſtinence to longing women, 'twill purdge the bottome of their conſciences: I would give the Church new Organs, but I propheſie the church-Wardens would quickly pipe 'em out 'oth pariſh, two hundred Duckets more to mend the Chancell, and to paint true Orthography as many, They write *Sunt* with a C which is abominable, pray you ſet that down to poor maids Marriages.

Parſon. I that's well thought of, what's your will in that point? A merritorious thing.

Sexton. I give *per annum* two hundred Ells of Lockram that there be no ſtreight dealings in their Linnens, but the ſails cut according to their burthens; to all Bell-ringers, I bequeath new Ropes, and let them uſe them at their own diſcretions.

Gentlemen. You may remember us Sir.

Sexton. I do, good Gentlemen, and I bequeath you both good carefull Surgeons a legacy, you have need of more then Money, I know you want good dyets and good lotions, and in your pleaſures good take heed.

Parſon. He raves now, but 'twill be quickly off.

Sexton. I do bequeath ye commodities of thy pins: brown papers: Pack-threads, roſt Porke and puddings: Ginger-bread and *Iews* trumps of penny pipes, and mouldy pepper: take 'um ee'n where you pleaſe and be cozen'd with 'em, I ſhould bequeath my Executours alſo, but thoſe I'le leave to the Law. *Parſon.* Now he grows temperate. *Lawyer.* You'l give no more. *Sexton.* I am loth

loth to give more from ye, becauſe I know you will have a care to execute, only to pious uſes, Sir a little.

Lawyer. If he be worth all theſe, I am made for ever.

Sexton. I give to fatal Dames that ſpin mens thredsout, and poor diſtreſſed Damſells that are militant, as members of our own afflictions, a hundred crowns to buy warme Tubs to worke in, I give five hundred pounds to buy a Church yard, a ſpatious Church yard, to lay theeves and knaves in, rich men and honeſt men take all the roome up.

Parſon. Are you not weary? *Sexton.* Never of well doing.

Lawyer. Theſe are mad Legacies.

Sexton. They were got as madly, my ſheep and oxen, and my moveables, my Plate and Jewels and five hundred acres; I have no heires. *Lawyer.* This cannot be, 'tis monſtrous. *Sexton.* Three Ships at Sea too.

Lawyer. You have made me full Executor? *Sexton.* Full, full, and totall, would I had more to give ye, but theſe may ſerve an honeſt mind. *Lawyer.* You ſay true, a very honeſt mind, and make him rich too; But where ſhall I raiſe theſe moneys, where ſhall I find theſe ſummes?

Sexton. Even where ye pleaſe Sir, you are wiſe and provident, and know buſineſs, even raiſe 'em where you ſhall think good, I am reaſonable.

Lawyer. Think good? will that raiſe thouſands?

Sexton. You have ſworn to ſee it done that's all my comfort.

Lawyer. Where I pleaſe? this is pack'd ſure to diſgrace me. *Sexton.* Ye are juſt and honeſt, and I know ye will do it, e'ne where you pleaſe, for you know where the wealth is. *Lawyer.* I am abus'd, baffl'd and boared it ſeemes. *Gentlemen.* No, ye are fool'd. *Parſon.* Moſt finely fool'd. *Sexton.* Ha, ha, ha, ſome more drink, for my heart, Gentlemen this merry *Lawyer* ---Ha, ha, ha this Schollar----I think this fit will cure me: this

Executor—I ſhall laugh out my lungs. *Lawyer.* This is diriſion above ſufferance.

Gentlemen. Did you think, had this Man been rich, he would have choſen a Wolfe, a Cancker, a Maggot-pate to be his whole Executor?

Parſon. A Lawyer that intangles all mens honeſties, and lives like a Spider in a cob-web, lurking, and catching at all flies, that paſs his Pit falls? Puts powder to all States, to make 'em caper? would he truſt you?

Sexton. Do you deſerve? I find Gentlemen this Cataplaſme of a well cozen'd *Lawyer* laid to my Stomack lenifies my feaver, Methink I could eat now & walk a little.

Lawyer. I am aſham'd to ſee how flat I am cheated, how groſely, and malicioufly made a May-game.

2. *Gentleman.* This 'tis to covet all the gaines, to have a ſtirring Oare in all mens actions. *Parſon.* We did this but to vex your fine officiouſies.

Lawyer. I thank ye, I am fool'd Gentlemen; the *Lawyer* is an Aſſe, I do confeſs it, a weak, dull, ſhallow Aſſe, good even to your Worſhips: Vicar, remember Vicar, Raskall remember, thou notable rich Raskall.

Sexton. I do remember Sir, pray ye ſtay a little, I have even two Legacies more to make your mouth up, Sir.

Lawyer. Remember Varlets, quake and remember Rogues, I have brine for your Buttocks.

Parſon. Oh, how he frets and fumes now like a dunghill. *Exit.*

Sexton. His Gall containes fine ſtuffe now to make poyſons, rare damned ſtuffe.

Gentlemen. Go, let's us crucifie him. *Exeunt.*

A PRINCE in *Conceit.*

ARGUMENT.

Two Gentlemen Travellers reſolving to ſee the faſhions of the Court, leave their ſervants in an Inn with ſome Riches, they not returning at their appointed time, makes him conclude they are—— and ſo run into extravagancies.

ACTORS NAMES.

Pimponio, the Prince in conceit, Hoſt and his Son, Aurelio by the name of Borgia, Piſauro, Dutcheſs, and Courtiers.

Enter Prince in Contemplation.

PRINCE. Dead, dead, they are no doubt on't, and I Heire apparant to the port-ma itue, an aglet hole or two in their hearts has done the buſineſs, the port-mantue, I ſay bring forth the port-mantue. *Enter Boy and his Father.*

Boy. 'Tis here Sir.

Prince. And thy *Father* too *Boy*?

Father. What would you have, 'tis very late?

Prince. Never too late to tell Money, fetch me a brace of Gennets, I will mount 'em, a Covey of Curtiſans, doſt here? *Father.* What does the fellow meane?

Prince. No fellows friend on thy allegiance, 'tis time to ſhew our ſelfe, where is thy *Boy*? *Boy.* Here Seignior.

Prince. Kneel down, and ask me bleſſing. *Boy.* This does look like a bleſſing, ſhall I ask another?

prince. Ask any thing but what I am, I muſt be ſtill diſguis'd, my Men are abſent. *Father.* Your men?——

Prince. Thou art wiſe, thine eare, I am a Prince, the reaſon of my ſhape thou ſhalt know hereafter, thus *Jove* has been diſguis'd. *Boy.* Is not your name *Pimponio*,

Prince. It was my pleaſure they ſhould call me ſo, I

have not found 'em trusty, how fares the *Dutchess*? Boy thou shalt wait on me, I'le have you all. *Father.* Whether?

Prince. To *Spain*, when thou hast got a chapman for this tub thou liv'st in, let me know it. *Enter Pisauro.*

Pisauro. Where's *Pimponio*? *Prince.* A pox pimp you, they are alive agen, now am I a dead man.

Pisauro. There is a certain moveable, eclip'd a portmantue. *Prince.* Would your tongue had been clip'd.

Father. With your pardon Sir, is not this Seignior a Prince disguis'd, and came hither to Court the Dutchess? he has promis'd us at his return from *Spain* to make us grandees. *Pisauro.* Has he betraid himselfe? nay then my duty; if please your excellence. *Prince.* Away, away.

Pisauro. A Prince cannot be hid, though under Mountains, but my deare Prince the bags must go with me, while you keep State 'ith Inn.

Prince. Who shall maintain. *Pis.* If I did think thou wouldst carry it handsomely——well I'le excuse thee to thy Master, when thou hast domineer'd away this Bag, thou mayst hear more, and so I take leave of your excellence.

Exit.

Prince. Hah, am not I a Prince indeed? *Grutti*, Boy, I entertain you both my Groom, and Page, and say unto you, Snakes go cast your coates, here's earnest for new skins, when things are ripe we will to Court.

Father. What thinks your Grace of going to bed.

Prince. I am too sober, let the whole house be drunk first, let me have fifty Strumpets. *Father.* Fifty Trumpets. *Prince.* Strumpets I say, they'l make the greater noise, this Roome's too narrow, beat down the walls on both sides, advance your light, and call the country in, if there be a Taylor amongst 'em, he shall first take measure of my highness, for I must not longer walke in Querpo

Both. We attend your Highness.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Father and Son again.

Father. Why I ſhall hardly take thee for my own naturall child. *Boy.* Let me alone with my *Don*, he is gone to fit himſelfe with clothes, and if I do not fit him, let me never find the way into my own breeches, ſee he has had a nimble Taylor, ſome Suit prepared to his hand, I know my cue to enter, and purſue his Princely humor out of breath. *Exit.*

Prince. And how, and how do things become? We were in clouds but now. *Enter Prince like a Don & ſervants.*

Father. Your Highneſs is broken out. *Prince.* Broken out, where? *Father.* Out of the clouds and pleaſe you.

Prince. There is no Infidell among you then, you all believe I am a Prince, there are no Traitors I hope amongſt yee. *Father.* Traitors we will cut off any mans neck, that dares but think ſo.

Prince. Do and I will juſtify it, hang necks among friends, let us be merry, reach me a Chaire and a bottle of Wine, every one take his charge.

Father. Will not your Highneſs have the dance firſt.

Prince. They will dance the better when they are three quarters drunk, muſick and give fire at once——ſo, but methings it were neceſſary there were ſome difference in our drinking; all are not Princes, *Sound a* reach me a bigger bottle, I will preſerve my ſtate, *health.* This is a Princely draught——ſo——why have we not a concubine? *Servant.* Brave Prince with what a Majeſty he drinks.

Prince. Now let 'em friske the dance you have prepar'd, we are ready to accept it.

Father. And it ſhall pleaſe your Grace there is a high *German* deſires to ſpeak with you.

2. *Serv.* I fear you are betray'd Sir, and that the Dutcheſs has ſent for you.

Prince. For me, I won not come yet, 1. *Servant.* Do not

not affront him Sir for your own ſake, this high *German* has beaten all the Fencers in *Europe*. *Prince*. Let him beat all the World, what's that to me? ſhall he make a Prize of me?

Father. But if he come Embaſſadour from the Dutcheſs.

Prince. That's an other matter, give me the tother bottle——now let all the Cantons of Scorſs come——which is the high *German*? let me ſee him.

Enter Boy.

Father. That Sir.

Prince. He's one of the loweſt high *Germans* that e're I look'd on.

Boy. I kiſs thy highneſs hand. *Prince*. And we imbrace thy Lownes: d'ye heare Sir, are you a high *German*? *Boy*. I was ſo at the beginning of the wars, what we are beaten to you may diſcerne. *Prince*. Are you beaten to this? you'l be a very little Nation if the wars continue. *Boy*. I have a meſſage to deliver you, the faire Dutcheſs of *Urbin*, whom I wait on, hearing a perſon of your blood and quality, ſo meanly lodg'd, by me, deſires you would accept an entertainment in her Court.

Prince. We give the Dutcheſs thanks: But what *High German* in thy little judgement, doeſt think the Dutcheſs will do with me there.

Boy. 'Twere ſin to ſay ſhe'l honour you, for you are above all addition, but her love, 'tis probable you may be affronted. *Prince*. No matter, I have been affronted a hundred times, but by whom? *Boy*. Queſtionleſs by ſome great ones, and perhaps beaten. *Prince*. I have been beaten too upon good occaſion, and will agen to ſave my Honour, beaten? I can take the ſtrappado, beſide in this part I am inſenſible, a Kick is caſt away.

Boy. If you be valient and indure, it will engage her love the more, go on boldly, my councell ſhall attend.

Prince. I will go on, and fear no beating; well I cannot

Knight

Knight thee, yet prove but a witch, I'le make thee one of my privy Councellors. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Prince, and Boy with a Trumpet.*

Boy. Tara, Ra ra ra, room for the Duke of *Ferrara.*

Exeunt.

Enter Prince again, and two Courtiers.

Prince. VVhat's the matter.

1. *Courtier.* You have fool'd finely, you muſt be whipt, and ſtript, my ſcurvy *Don.*

Prince. VVhip a Prince? what d'ye mean?

2. *Courtier.* You muſt be Duke of *Ferrara:*

Prince. Duke of a Fidle-ſtick, are you in earneſt Gentlemen? do you intend I ſhall catch an Ague Gentlemen?

1. *Courtier.* The laſh, when the fit comes, will keep you warme, ſtay but a little, and we'l ſend you a whip to comfort you. *Prince.* 'Twill be but cold comfort, make the beſt on't; how am I transform'd? where's my low high *German* now? Duke of *Ferrara* quoth a':—wou'd I were any thing, I know not what I am, as they have handled me.

Enter Dutcheſs and Courtier.

Dutcheſs. Is the Duke gone? *Courtier.* Yes Madam. *Dutcheſs.* I'le have the fool hang'd then. *Prince.* That's I.

Dutcheſs. Alas poor fellow, Ha, ha, ha, what art thou?

Prince. Nothing, I hope ſhe does not know me agen, I muſt deny my ſelfe.

Dutcheſs. Come hither ſirrah, whoſe deviſe was it to bid you ſay you were Duke of *Ferrara*?

Prince. Alas not I Madam, he is gone. *Dutcheſs.* Who is gone? *Prince.* The inſolent fellow that made a fool of your Highneſs. *Dutcheſs.* Whether is he gone?

Prince. To obey your Grace, and be whip'd.

Dutch. VVhy do you ſhake ſo? *Prince.* I'm very warme and pleaſe your Grace. *Dutch.* VVhere's your Clothiers. *Prince.* My Clothes? I never wore any more in my life, I ſweat with theſe. *Dutch.* Alas poor fellow,

he

he has punishment enough, who waites there.

Prin. Now to be sent to whipping cheer. *Enter a servant*

Dutch. Bid *Borgia* attend us. *Exit.*

Servant. I shall Madam. *Exit.*

Enter *Borgia or Aurelio his Master.*

Borgia. How now sirrah, what are you? *Prince.* A tumbler; do you not know me? *Borgia.* I know thee? *Prince.* VVhat not *Pimponio* honest *Pimponio.*

Servant. Seignior *Borgia* her Grace calls for you. *Exit.*

Borgia. I attend,

Prince. How Seignior *Borgia*? then I am not I. And there is no staying here to find my selfe, as I remember some back friends of mine did promise a clean whipt, I'le rather endure the foulness of the weather then stay for't, I must be dukift'd, be perswaded into Kicks—they'l return I won not tempt my desteny, she promis'd to hang me, and I can do that for my selfe when I have a mind to't.

Enter Courtiers.

1. *Courtier.* Kick that fellow out of the Court.

Prince. You are mistaken Sir, he meanes some body els, I have been kick'd already,

Oh gentle fate rid me out of their clutches:
And then adue to our picked-dame *Dutchess.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelio and Pisauro.

2. *Courtier.* What's the matter· *Pimponio within.*

Pisauro. A fool has lost his Master, *Oh yes, Oh yes.* and thus cryes him about the Court thy man *Aurelio.*

Enter Pimponio.

Pimp. Oh Yes;

If any Man there be
In Town or in Countree
Can tell me of a wight,
Was lost but yester Night:
His name was I know
Seignior *Aurelio,*
By these marks, he is known
He had a bush of his own,
Two eyes in their place,
And a Nose on his face,
His Beard is very thin,
But no haire on his Chin,

Bring

Bring word to the Cryer
His desolate Squire,
And for this fine feat
Take what you can get;

And heaven bless *Pimponio*, for no body knowes me and I know no body else to pray for.

Pisauro. Here, here's thy Master. *Pimp.* No, no, that's Seignior *Borgia*, not a word of whiping if you love me, do not deceive your selfe.

Borgia. We have been both deceived, *Pimponio* I am thy master.

Pimponio. Why then I'le wander through an other World with you, a World that hath more charity in't, then to uncase a man for doing his master Honour. *Exeunt.*

An Equall *Match.*

ARGUMENT.

A loose Officer, and a wanton waiting Woman, marry in hope of eithers Riches, and cozen one another.

ACTORS NAMES.

Perez, Estifania, an old Woman and her Daughter, or Maid servant.

Enter Perez.

PErez. Shall I never return to my own house again? we are lodg'd here in the miserablest Doghole, a conjurers circle gives content above it, a Hawkes mew is a Princly pallace to't we have a bed no bigger then a basket, and there we lye like Butter clapt together, and sweat our selves to sauce immediatly, the fumes are infinite inhabit here too; and to that so thick they cut like Marmalet, so various too, they'l pose a Gold finder. Never return to mine own paradice? why wife I say, why *Estifania*?

Estif.

Eſtif. Within. I am coming preſently.

Per. Make haſt good Jewell; I am like the people that live in the ſweet Iſlands: I dye, I dye, if I ſtay but one day more here, my lungs are rotten with the damps that riſe, and I cough nothing now but ſtinkes of all ſorts; the Inhabitantes we have, are two ſtarv'd Rats, for they are not able to maintaine a Cat here, and thoſe appear as fearfull as two Divells, they have eat a map of the whole World up already, and if we ſtay a night longer we are gone for company, There's an old woman that's now grown to Marble, dry'd in this Brick hill, ſhe ſits 'ith Chimnies, which is but three tyles rais'd like a houſe of Cards, the true proportion of an old ſmok'd hovill, there is a young thing too, that's nature meant for a Maid ſervant, but 'tis now a monſter, ſhe has a huske about her like a Cheſnut, with laſineſs, and liveing under the line here, and theſe two make a hollow ſound together, like Frogs or winds between two Doores that murmurs, mercy deliver me, O are you come wife! Shall we be free agen? *Enter Eſtif.*

Eſtif. I am now going, and you ſhall preſently to your own houſe Sir, by that time you have ſaid your Oriſons, and broke your faſt, I ſhall be back and ready to uſher you to your old content, your freedome. *Perez.* Break my neck rather, is there any thing here to eat but one another like a race of Canniballs, a peice of butter'd wall you think is excellent, let's have our houſe agen, immediatly, and pray ye take heed unto the Furniture, none be imbezelled? *Eſtifania.* Not a pin I warrant you. *Perez.* And let 'em inſtantly depart. *Eſtif.* They ſhall both, for by this time ſhe has acquainted him, and will give over gratefully unto you. *Perez.* I'le walk 'ith churchyard, the dead cannot offend me more then theſe living, an houre hence I'le expect you.

Eſtifania. I'le not faile Sir. *Perez.* And do ye hear, lets have a handſome dinner, and let me have a ſtrong

Bath

Bath to reſtore me, I ſtinke lik a ſtall-fiſh-ſhambles, or an Oyle-ſhop. *Eſtifania.* You ſhall have all; which ſome interpret nothing. *Exeunt.*

Enter *again* Perez, *with an old Woman and Maid.*

Perez. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me underſtand ye, and tune your Pipe a little higher Lady, i'le hold ye faſt: *Old Wo.* Ha, what would you have? *Perez.* My goods agen, how came my trunks all open. *Old Wo.* Are your Trunks gone?

Perez. Yes, and clothes gone, and Chaines, and Jewells, how ſhe ſmells like hung Beefe, the palſy and picklocks, fie how ſhe belches the ſpirit of Garlick.

Old Wo. Where's your Gentlewoman? the young fair Woman? *Perez.* What's that to my queſtion? ſhe is my Wife, and gone about my buſineſs. *Old Wo.* Is ſhe your Wife Sir? *Perez.* Yes Sir, Is that wonder, is the name of Wife unknown here. *Old Wo.* Is ſhe truely, truely your Wife?

Perez. I think ſo, for I marryed her, it was no viſion ſure. *Old Wo.* If you be marryed to that Gentlewoman you are a wretched man, ſhe has twenty husbands.

Maid. She tells you true. *Old Wo.* And ſhe has cozen'd all Sir. *Perez.* The divell ſhe has, I had a fair houſe with her that ſtands hard by, and furniſht Royally.

Old Wo. You are couzen'd too, 'tis none of hers, good Gentleman, It is a Ladyes, what's the Ladyes name wench?

Maid. The Lady *Margarita*, ſhe was her ſervant, and kept the houſe, but going from her Sir, for ſome lewd tricks ſhe plaid. *Perez.* Plague a'the divell, Am I 'ith Meridian of my wiſdome cheated by a ſtale Queen? what kind of Lady is that, that owes the houſe? *Old Wo.* A young ſweet Lady. *Perez.* Of a low ſtature?

Old Wo. She is indeed of a low ſtature, but wondrous fair. *Perez.* I feel I am couzen'd, ſenſible I am undone, was ſhe her Miſtreſs ſay you?

O! a

Old Wo. Her own Miſtreſs, her very Miſtreſs Sir, and all you ſaw about that houſe was hers. *Perez.* No plate, no Jewells, nor no hangings? No Money?

Old Wo. She is a poor ſhifting thing, but for one Gown her Lady gave her.

Perez. I am mad now, I think I am as poor as ſhe, I am wild els, one civill ſuit I have left, and that's all, if ſhe ſteal that ſhe muſt flea me for it, where does ſhe uſe?

Old Wo. You may find truth as ſoon, alas a thouſand conceal'd corners Sir ſhe lurkes in, and here ſhe gets a fleeſe, and there another, and lives in miſts and ſmokes where none can find her.

Perez. Is ſhe a whore too? *Old Wo.* Little better Gentleman, I dare not ſay ſhe is ſo, ſhe is yours.

Perez. A Whore and a Theife too, two excellent moral vertue, in one ſhe's Saint, I hope to ſee her legend, well here's a Royall left yet, there's for your lodging and your meat for this weeke; a Silk-worme lives at a more plentyfull ordinary, and ſleeps in a ſweeter Box, Farewell great Grandmother, if I do find you were an acceſſary, 'tis but cuting off two ſmoaky minutes, I'le hang you preſently. *Exeunt.*

Enter again at one end, and his Wife at the other.

Eſtif. 'Tis he, I am caught, I muſt ſtand to it ſtoutly.

Perez. It is my evill Angell, let me bleſs me; my worthy wife? *Eſtif.* My moſt noble Husband. *Perez.* I have been in bawdy houſes. *Eſtif.* I beleive you, and very lately too. *Perez.* To ſeek your Ladyſhip, in Cellers too, in private Cellers where the thirſty bawds heare your confeſſions, I was among the Nuns becauſe you ſing well, but they ſay yours are bawdy ſongs, they mourne for ye, and laſt I went to Church to ſeek you out, 'tis ſo long ſince you were there, they have forgot you. *Eſtif.* You have had a merry progreſs, I'le tell nine now, *I* went to twenty Taverns. *Perez.* And are you ſober. *Eſtif.* Yes, *I* reel not

not yet ſir, where I ſaw twenty drunk, moſt of them Souldiers, from thence to'th Diceing-houſe, there I found quarrels needleſſe, and ſenceleſſe, Swords, and Pots, and Candleſticks, Tables, and Stooles, and all in one confuſion; then to the Chyrurgions went, who learnedly told me, if you tippl'd hard twenty to one you whor'd too, and then he ſhould hear of you; laſt to your Confeſſor I came who told me you were too proud to pray, and here I have found ye.

Perez. She beares up bravely, and the Rogue is witty, why am I couzen'd, why am *I* abuſed? Thou moſt vile, baſe, abominable.

Eſtif. Captain. *Perez.* Thou ſtincking, overſtew'd, poor, pocky. *Eſtif.* Captain. *Perez.* D'you eccho me.

Eſtif. Yes ſir, and go before you too, you had beſt now draw your Sword Captain, draw it, upon a VVoman, do brave Captain, upon your VVife, oh moſt renowned Captain.

Perez. A plague upon thee, why didſt thou marry me?

Eſtif. To be my Husband.

Perez. Why didſt thou flatter me, and ſhew me wonders, a Houſe and riches? when they are but ſhaddowes, ſhaddowes to me.

Eſtif. VVhy did you work on me with your ſtrong Souldiers wit, and ſwore you would bring me ſo much in Chaines? ſo much in Jewels Husband, and here's your Treaſure, ſell it to a Tinker to mend old Kettles; is this noble uſage?

Perez. A Fire ſubtle you, are ye ſo crafty?

Eſtif. Here's a goodly Jewel, did not you win this at *Gallatta* Captain, or took it in the Field from ſome brave Baſhaw? how it ſparkles like an old Ladies eyes? and fils each Room with Light like a Dark-lanthorn, this would do rarely in an Abby Window, to couzen Pilgrims.

Perez. Prithe leave prating. *Eſtif.* And here's a Chain of Whitings-eyes for Pearles, a Muſſel-monger would have made a better.

Perez. Nay, prithe VVife, my Cloathes, my Cloathes.

Eſtif. I'le tell ye, your Cloathes are parallels to theſe all counterfeit, put theſe and them on, you are a Man of Copper, a kind of Candleſtick, theſe you thought, my Husband to have couzen'd me withall, but I am quit with you. *Perez.* Is there no Houſe then, nor no ground about it, no Plate, nor Hangings.

Eſtif. There are none ſweet Husband; ſhadow for ſhadow is an equall; juſtice, can you raile now? pray put your fury up ſir, and ſpeak great words, you are a Souldier, Thunder. *Perez.* I will ſpeak little, I have plaid the fool, and ſo I am rewarded. *Eſtif.* You have ſpoken well ſir. *Exeunt.*

The STALLION.

ARGUMENT.

A Gentleman falls into the hands of Officers, to whom he muſt either pay a ſumme of money, or be conſtrained to ſerve in the Gallies for ſome yeares, a Matrona to a Brothell, takeing a liking to him, payes the impoſed ſumme, and takes him to her Houſe, where he ſerves the Womens inſatiate importunities; being dreyned and wearied, is by a happy accident releaſed.

ACTORS NAMES.

Ruttillio, Officers, Baud, Pimp, three or four ſick Perſons belonging to the Brothell, a Gentleman.

Enter Baud, and Pimp.

Baud. Shall I never ſee a luſty Man again. *Pimp.* Faith Miſtreſs, you do ſo over-labour 'em, and ſo dry-founder

founder 'em, they cannot laſt. *Baud.* Where's the *French*-man? *Pimp.* Alas, he's all to fitters, and lies taking the height of his fortune with a Sirrenger, he's chin'd, he's chin'd good Man, he is a mourner.

Baud. VVhat's become of the Don?

Pimp. Who? gold Locks? he's foule i'th Touch-hole: and recoiles again, the main Springs weakned that holds up his Cock, he lies at the ſign of the *Sun* to be new breech'd. *Baud.* The Rutter too is gon.

Pimp. Oh, that was a brave Raſcal, he would labour like a Threſher; but alas what thing can ever laſt? he has been ill-mew'd, and drawn too ſoon; I have ſeen him in the Hoſpital. *Baud.* There was an Engliſh-man.—

Pimp. I, there was an Engliſh-man; you'l ſcant find any now to make that name good. There was thoſe Engliſh-men, that were Men indeed, but they are vaniſht: They are ſo taken up in their own Countrey, and ſo beaten off their ſpeed by their own VVomen, when they come here they draw their Legges like Hackneys, drink, and their own devices have undone 'em.

Baud. I muſt have one thats ſtrong, no life in *Lisbon* elſe, perfect and young; my cuſtome with young Ladies and high fed Citty-Dames will fall and break elſe, I want my ſelfe too in my age to nouriſh me; They are all ſunck I maintain'd, now what's this buſineſs? what goodly fellows that? *Enter Ruttillio, and Officers.*

Ruttillio. VVhy do you drag me? Pox on your Juſtice, let me looſe, cannot a Man fall into one of your drunken Cellars, and venture the breaking on's Neck, but he muſt be us'd thus raſcally.

1 *Officer.* VVhat made you wandring ſo late i'th night? you know that is impriſonment.

Ruttillio. May be I walk in my ſleep.

Officer. VVhat made you wandring ſir, into that Vault where all the City ſtore and the Ammunition lay?

Ruttillio. I fell into't by chance, I broke my ſhins for't, your Worſhips feel not that; I knockt my Head againſt a hundred Poſts, would you had had it, cannot I break my Neck in my own defence?

Officer. Your coming thither was to play the Villain, to fire the Powder and blow up that part o'th City.

Ruttillio. Yes, with my Noſe.

Officer. We have told you what's the Law, he that is taken there, unleſſe a Magiſtrate, and have command in that place, preſently if there be nothing found apparent, neer him worthy his Torture, or his preſent death, muſt either pay his Fine for his preſumption, (which is ſix hundred Duckets) or for ſix yeares tug at an Oare i'th Gallies; may be you were drunk, you'l be kept ſober there. *Ruttillio.* Tug at an Oare, you are not errant Raſcals to catch me in a Pit fall and betray me?

Baud. A luſty-minded Man.

Pimp. O, wonderous able.

Baud. Pray Gentlemen allow me but that liberty to ſpeak a few words with your Priſoner, and I ſhall thank you. *Officer.* Take your pleaſure Lady. *Baud.* What would you give that Woman ſhould redeem you, redeem you from this ſlavery.

Ruttillio. Beſides my ſervice, I would give her my whole ſelfe, I would be her Vaſſal.

Baud. She has great reaſon to expect as much, conſidering the great ſumme ſhe payes for't, yet take comfort, what you ſhall do to merit this, is eaſy, and I will be the Woman ſhall befriend you, 'Tis but to entertain ſome handſome Ladies, and young fair Gentlewomen; you gueſſe the way; but--- giving of your mind-----

Ruttillio. I am excellent at it, you cannot pick out ſuch another living; I underſtand you, is't not thus?---

Baud. Ye have it. *Rutt.* Bring me a hundred of 'em, I'le diſpatch 'em, I will be none but yours; ſhould another offer

another

another way to redeem me, I ſhould ſcorn it, what Women you ſhall pleaſe; I am monſtrous luſty, not to be taken down; would you have Children? I'le get you thoſe as faſt, and thick as fly-blowes.

Baud. I admire him, wonder at him.

Ruttillio. Hark you Lady, you may require ſome times.—— *Baud.* I by my faith. *Ruttillio.* And you have it by my faith and handſomely; this old Cat will ſuck ſhrewdly; you have no Daughter? I fly at all; now I am in my Kingdom, Tug at an Oare? no, tug in a Feather-bed with good warm Caudles; hang your bred and water, I'le make you young again, beleeve that Lady; I will ſo frubbiſh you.

Baud. Come fellow Officers, this Gentleman is free; I'le pay the Duckets.

Ruttillio. And when you catch me in your Citty-powdering Tub again, boyle me with Cabbidge.

Officer. You are both warn'd and arm'd Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Ruttillio with a Night-Cap, as in the Brothell-houſe.

Ruttillio. Now do I look as if I were Crow-trodden, fy, how my hams ſhrink under me; O me, I am broken-winded too; Is this a life? Is this the recreation I have aim'd at? I had a body once, a handſome body, and wholſome too; now I appear like a Raſcal that had been hung a year or two in Gibbets, fy, how I faint; Women? keep me from Women; Place me before a Cannon, 'tis a pleaſure; ſtretch me upon a Rack, a recreation; but VVomen? VVomen? O the Devill VVomen? courteous Gulfe was never halfe ſo dangerous; Is there no way to fall into the Cellar again, and be taken? no lucky fortune to direct me that way? no Gallies to be got, nor yet no Gallowes? for I feare nothing now, no Earthly thing but theſe unſatisfied Men-leeches, Women: how diveliſhly my bones ake: oh the old Lady! I have

a kind of waiting-VVoman lyes croſſe my back too, oh how ſhe ſtinks! no treaſon to deliver me? now what are you? do you mock me?

Enter 3. *or* 4. *with Night-caps very faintly.*

1 No ſir no, we were your predeceſſors in this place.

2 And come to ſee how you beare up.

Ruttillio. Good Gentlemen, you ſeem to have a ſnuffing in your head ſir, a parlous ſnuffing, but this ſame dampiſh ayre----

2 A dampiſh ayre indeed.

Ruttillio. Blow your face tenderly, your noſe will nere endure it; mercy on me, what are men chang'd to here? is my noſe faſt yet? methinks it ſhakes i'th hilts; pray tell me Gentlemen, how long is't ſince you flouriſht here?

3 Not long ſince. *Ruttillio.* Move your ſelfe eaſily, I ſee you are tender, nor long endured.

2 The labour was ſo much ſir, and ſo few to perform it------- *Ruttillio.* Muſt I come to this? and draw my legs after me like a lame dog? I cannot run away, I am too feeble; will you ſue for this place again Gentlemen?

1 No truly ſir, the place has been too warm for our Complexions. 2 VVe have enough on't, reſt you merry ſir, we came but to congratulate your fortune, you have abundance. 3 Beare your fortune ſoberly, and ſo we leave you to the next fair Lady.

Exit the three.

Ruttillio. Stay but a little, and i'le meet you Gentlemen, at the next Hoſpital, there's no living thus, nor am I able to endure it longer, with all the helps and heates that can be given me, I am at my trot already; they are fair and young moſt of theſe VVomen that repair to me, but they ſtick on like burres, ſhake me like feathers, more VVomen yet? *Enter* Baud.

VVould I were honeſtly married, to any thing that had but halfe a face, and not a great to keep her, nor a ſmock

ſmock, that I might be civilly merry when I pleaſed, rather then labouring in theſe fulling Mills.

Baud. I ſee you bear up bravely yet.

Ruttillio. Do ye hear Lady, do not make a Game-bear of me, to play me hourly, and fling on all your Whelps; it will not hold; play me with ſome diſcretion, to day one courſe, and two dayes hence another.

Baud. If you be angry, pay back the money I redeem'd you at, and take your courſe; I can have Men enough: you have coſt me an hundred Crownes ſince you came hither, in brothes and ſtrengthning Caudles; till you do pay me, if you will eat and live, you ſhall endeavour, i'le chain you to't elſe.

Ruttillio. Make me a Dog-kennel, i'le keep your Houſe and bark, and feed on bare bones, and be whipt out a' doores, do ye mark me Lady? whipt, i'le eat old ſhooes.

Enter a Gentleman.

Baud. Your buſineſſe ſir, if it be for a Woman, ye are cozen'd, I keep none here.

Gent. Certain this is the Gentleman, the very ſame.

Rutt. Death, if I had but money, or any friend to bring me from this bondage, I would thraſh, ſet up a Coblers ſtall, keep Hogs, and feed with 'em, ſell Tinder-boxes, and knights of Ginger-bread, that's for three halfe pence a day, and think it Lordly, from this baſe Stallion trade: why does he eye me, eye me ſo narrowly?

Gent. It ſeemes you are troubled Sir, I heard you ſpeake of want. *Rutt.* 'Tis better hearing far then relieving Sir: *Gent.* I do not think ſo, you know me not.

Rutt. Not yet that I remember. *Gent.* You ſhall, and for your friend, be confident I love you, by this you ſhall perceive it, 'tis Gold, & no ſmall ſumme, a thouſand duckets ſupply your want. *Rutt.* But do you do this faithfully.

Gent. If I mean ill, ſpit in my face, and kick me; in what elſe I may ſerve you Sir, command. *Rutt.* I thank you,

this

this is as ſtrange to me as Knights adventure? where are you white broth? now luſty blood come in and tell your money: 'tis ready here, no threats, nor no Orations, nor prayers now. *Baud.* You do not meane to leave me.

Rutt. I'le live in Hell ſooner then here, and cooler, come quickly come, diſpatch, this ayres unwholſome: quickly good Lady quickly to't. *Baud.* Well ſince it muſt be, the next I'le fetter faſter ſure, and cloſer.

Rutt. And pick his bones, as y'ave done mine, pox take ye.

Gentle. At my Lodging for a while, you ſhall be quarter'd, and there take Phyſick for your health. *Rutt.* I think I have found my good Angell now, if I can keep him.

Exeunt.

The GRAVE-MAKERS.

ARGUMENT.

While he is making the Grave, for a Lady that drown'd her ſelfe, Hamlet *and his friend interrupt him with ſeveral Queſtions.*

ACTORS NAMES.

Grave-maker, and his Man, Hamlet, and his Friend.

Enter two to dig the Grave.

IS ſhe to be buried in Chriſtian burial, when ſhe wilfully ſeekes her own Salvation?

Man. I tell thee ſhe is, therefore make her Grave ſtreight; the Crowner hath ſat on her, and findes it Chriſtian burial.

Grav. How can that be, unleſſe ſhe drown'd her ſelfe, in her own defence?

Man. Why 'tis found ſo. *Grav.*

Grav. It muſt be ſo offended, it cannot be elſe; for here lies the point, if I drown my ſelf willingly it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to do, to perform, or all; ſhe drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.

Man. Nay, but hear you good man Delver.

Grav. Give me leave, here lyes the water, good, here ſtands the man, good, if the man go to this water and drown himſelf, it is will he, will he; he goes, mark you that: but if the water come to him and drowns him, he drowns not himſelf; argall, he that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

Man. But is this Law?

Grav. I marry is't, Crowners queſt law.

Man. Will you have the truth on't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out a' Chriſtian burial.

Grave. Why there thou ſay'ſt, and the more pitty that great folke ſhould have countenance in this World to drown or hang themſelves, more then meaner chriſtians: come my ſpade, there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardeners, ditchers and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adams* profeſſion.

Man. Was he a Gentleman?

Grave. He was the firſt that ever bore Armes. I'le put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwer'ſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe.

Man. Go to.

Grave. What is he that builds ſtronger then either the Maſon, the Ship-wright or the Carpenter?

Man The Gallowes-maker, for that out-lives a thouſand Tenants.

Grave. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well, but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill, now thou doſt ill to ſay the Gallowes is built ſtronger then the Church, Argall the Gallowes may do well to thee, to't again, come.

Man.

Man. Who builds ſtronger then a Maſon, a Ship-wright or a Carpenter?

Grave. I, tell me that and unyoke.

Man. Marry now I can tell.

Grave. To't.

Man. Maſs I cannot tell.

Grave. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull Aſs will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this queſtion next, ſay a Grave-maker, the houſes he makes laſt till Doomesday, go get thee in and fetch me a ſoope of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did love, did love
Methought it was very ſweet,
To contract, O the time for a my behove,
O methought there was nothing a meet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs? a ſings in Grave-making.

Sings.

1. *Grave.* But age with his ſtealing ſteps
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath ſhiped me into the Land,
As if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, & could ſing once, how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if 'twere *Caines* Jaw-bone, that did the firſt murder: this might be the pate of a pollitician which this Aſs now o're-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

2. *Gent.* It might Sir.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, good morrow my Lord, how doſt thou ſweet Lord? this might be my Lord ſuch a one, that praiſed my Lord ſuch a ones Horſe when he meant to beg it, might it not?

2. *Gent.* I Sir.

1. *Gent.*

Hamlet. Why ee'n ſo, and now my Lady Wormes choples, and knocks about the mazer with a Sextons ſpade, here's fine revolution, and we had the trick to ſee't, did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding but to play at loggirs with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Grave. A Pickaxe and a Spade a ſpade,
For and a ſhrowding ſheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
For ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his quiddities now? his quillities, his caſes, his termes, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this mad knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a durty ſhovell, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his ſtatutes, his rogguizance, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine durt; will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes and doubles, then the length and bredth of a paire of Indentnres? the very conveyances of his land will ſcarcely lye in this Box, and muſt the Inheritor himſelfe have no more? Ha?

Friend. Not a jot more Sir.

Ham. Is not parchmenr made of Sheep skins?

Friend. I Sir, and of Calves skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves which ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: whoſe Grave's this firrah?

Gravemaker. Mine Sir, or a pit of Clay for to be made.

Ham. I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'ſt in't.

Gravem. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't and ſay it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Gravem. 'Tis a quick lye Sir, 'twill again from me to you.

you. *Ham.* What man doſt thou dig it for?

Gravem. For no man Sir.

Ham. What Woman then?

Gravem. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be bury'd in't?

Gravem. One that was a VVoman Sir, but reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How long haſt thou been a Grave-maker.

Gravem, Of the dayes 'ith year I came to't, that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbraſs.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Gravem. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad, and ſent into *England.*

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

Gravem. Why, becauſe he was mad, a ſhall recover his wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Friend. Why?

Gravem. 'T will not been ſeen in him there, there are Men as mad as he,

Friend. How came he mad?

Gravem. Very ſtrangly they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Gravem. Faith ee'n with looſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Gravem, Why here in *Denmarke*: I have been Sexton here man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lye 'ith earth e're he rot?

Gravem. Faith if he be not rottenbefore he dye, as we have many pocky courſes that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſome eight year or nine year; a Tanner will laſt you nine year.

Friend. Why he more then another?

Gravem. Why Sir his Hide is ſo tan'd with his Trade, that a will keep out water a great while, and your water

is

is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body: here's a ſcull now hath layn you 'ith earth twenty three yeares.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Gravem. A whorſon mad fellow it was, whoſe do ye think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Gravem. A peſtilence on him for a mad Rogue, a powr'd a Flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once; this ſame ſcull Sir, was Sir *Yoricks* the Kings Jeſter.

Ham. This?

Gravem. 'Een that.

Ham. Alas poor *Yorick*, I knew him friend, a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy, but where be your Gibes now, your Gamboles, your Songs of merryment? quite chop fa'n? prithee friend tell me one thing.

Friend. What's that Sir?

Ham. Doſt thou think *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion 'ith earth?

Friend. 'Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? pah.

Friend. Ee'n ſo Sir.

Ham. To what baſe uſes may we return? why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a Bung-hole.

Friend. 'Twere to conſider, too curiouſly to conſider ſo. *Ham.* No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it: *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buryed, *Alexander* returned to duſt, the duſt is Earth, of Earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a Beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away;
Oh that that Earth which kept the World in awe,
Should patch a Wall t'expell the Water flaw.

The

The *Loyal Citizens.*

ARGUMENT.

Who reſcue their Prince condemn'd to dye, by the plots and deſignes of his Step-Mother.

ACTORS NAMES.

Four Citizens, and a Boy.

Enter Citizen, and his Boy.

Citizen. Sirrah, go fetch my Fox from the Cutlers; there's money for the ſcowring, tell him, I ſtop a groat ſince the laſt great Muſter he had in ſtore pitch for the bruiſe he took with the recoyling of his Gun.

Boy. Yes ſir. *Citiz.* And do you hear? when you come, take down my Buckler, and ſweep the Cobwebs off, and grind the Pick on't, and fetch a Nayle or too, and tack on the Bracers; your Miſtreſſe made a Potlet on't, I thank her, at her Maids wedding, and burnt off the handle.

Boy. I will ſir. *Citiz.* Whoſe within here, ho, neighbour, not ſtirring yet?

Enter 2. Citizen.

2 *Citizen.* Oh good morrow, good morrow: what newes, what newes?

1 *Citiz.* It holds, he dyes this morning.

2 *Citiz.* Then happy Man be his fortune; I am reſolv'd.

1 *Citiz.* And ſo am I, and forty more good fellows, that will not give their heads for the waſhing, I take it.

2 *Citiz.* 'Sfoot Man, who would not hang in ſuch good Company? and ſuch a Cauſe? A fire, a Wife, and Children, 'tis ſuch a jeſt that Men ſhould look behind 'em to the World; and let their honours, their honours neighbourſhip.---

1 *Citiz.*

1 *Citiz.* I'le give thee a pint of Baſtard, and a Role for that bare word.

2 *Citiz.* They ſay that we Taylors are things that lay one another, and our Geeſe hatch us; I'le make ſome of 'em feele they are Geeſe 'oth Game then, *Jack* take down my Bill, 'tis ten to one I uſe it; take a good heart Man, all the low Ward is ours with a wet finger: and lay my cut-fingred Ganlet ready for me, that, that I uſed to work in when the Gentlemen were up againſt us, and beaten out of Town, and almoſt out of debt too; for a plague on 'em, they never paid well ſince: and take heed ſirrah, your Miſtreſs heares not of this buſineſſe, ſhe's neer her time; yet if ſhe do, I care not, ſhe may long for Rebellion, for ſhe has a deviliſh ſpirit.

1 *Citiz.* Come lets call up the new Ironmunger, he's as tough as ſteele, and has a fine wit in theſe reſurrections, are you ſtiring Neighbour.

3 *Citizen within.* Oh good morrow *knocks.* Neighbours, I'le come to you preſently.

2 *Citiz.* Go to, this is his Mothers doing; ſhe's a Ponlcat. 1 *Citiz.* As any is in the VVorld.

2. *Citiz.* Then ſay I have hit it, and a vengeance on her Let her be what ſhe will. 1. *Citiz.* Amen ſay I, ſhe has brought things to a fine paſs with her wiſdome: do you marke it?

2. *Citiz.* One thiug I am ſure ſhe has, the good old Duke ſhe gives him Pap again they ſay, and dandles him, and hangs a Currall and Bells about his Neck, and makes him beleive his teeth will come again, which if they did, and I he, I would weary her as never Cur was wearyed: I would Neighbour, till my teeth meet, I know where--- but that's councell.

Enter the 3. *Citizen.*

3. *Citiz.* Good morrow neighbours: hear you the ſad news? 1. *Citiz.* Yes, would we knew aſwell how

to

to prevent it. 3. *Citiz.* I cannot tell, methinks 'twere no great matter, if men were men: But.---

2. *Citiz.* You do not twit me with my calling neighbour? 3. *Citiz.* No surely: for I know your spirit to be tall, pray be not vext.

2. *Citiz.* Pray forward with your councell: I am what I am: And they that prove me, shall find me to their cost: do you marke me neighbour? to their cost I say.

1. *Citiz.* Nay look how soon you are angry.

2. *Citiz.* They shall neighbour: Yes, I say they shall.

3. *Citiz.* I do believe they shall. 1. *Citiz.* I know they shall. 2. *Citiz.* Whether you do or no, I care not two pence, I am no beast, I know mine own strength Neighbours; God bless the King, your companyes is fair. 1. *Citiz.* Nay now you erre, Neighbour I must tell you so, were ye twenty neighbours. 3. *Citiz.* You had best go Peach, do peach. 2. *Citiz.* Peach, I scorn the motion. 3. *Citiz.* Do and see what followes: I'le spend an hundred pounds, and it be two I care not, but I'le undo thee. 2. *Citiz.* Peach, Oh disgrace! Peach in thy face, and do the worst thou canst I am a true man, and a free man, peach.

1. *Citiz.* Nay, look, you will spoile all.

2. *Citiz.* Peach. 1. *Citiz.* Whil'st you two brawle together, the Prince will loose his life.

3. *Citiz* Come give me your Hand, I love you well, are you for the action?

2. *Citiz.* Yes, but Peach provokes me, 'tis a cold fruit, I feel it cold in my stomack still. 3. *Citiz.* No more, I'le give you Cake to digest it.

Enter the 4th Citizen.

4. *Citiz.* Shut up my Shop, and be ready at a call boys, and one of you run over my old Tuck with a few ashes, 'tis grown odious with tosting Cheese! and burn a little Gun-powder in my murrin, the maid made it her chamber pot,

pot, an hour hence I'le come again; and as you hear from me, ſend me a clean Shirt.

3. *Citiz.* The chandler by the Wharfe, and it be thy will.

2. *Citiz.* Goſſip, good morrow. 4. *Citiz.* O good morrow Goſſip: good morrow all, I ſee you of one mind ye cleave ſo cloſe together: Come 'tis time, I have prepared a hundred if they ſtand.

1. *Citiz.* 'Tis well done: ſhall we ſever, and about it?

4. *Citiz.* If my Tuck hold, I'le ſpit the Guard like Larkes with Sage in th'belly o'um.

2. *Citiz.* I have a fooliſh Bill to reckon with 'um, will make ſome of their hearts ake, and I'le lay it on: now ſhall I fight, 'twill do ye good to ſee me.

3. *Citiz.* Come I'le do ſomething for the Town to talk of when I am rotten: pray God there be enough to kill, that's all.

Inviſſible *Smirk*, or the Pen Combatants.

ARGUMENT.

A day of Juble is appointed by the Duke, wherein every one to expreſſe his duty endeavours ſomething of Mirth, to Crown that day.

ACTORS NAMES.

Duke, Dutcheſs, Frederick, Smirk, a Conjurer, a Spirit, a Page, and Lord Shallow.

Enter Smirk.

SMIRK. Thanks my dear Jem, I've found thy vertue now, I had not paſt 'em els, a man may have an inviſſible Ring I ſee and not know of it, what is this all the

divices ſports and delights the Duke ſhall have for his money? the Proclamation promiſeth reward for him, ſhall ſhew any varieties, and will it all come to a dull Maſque? I'le ſhew his Grace ſome ſport my ſelfe with help of my good friend here, which now muſt off again, by your Majeſties leave.

Duke. How now what's he?

Smirk. What's he? the wonder of your Kingdome.

Duke. How, the wonder? *Smirk.* I, and can do the greateſt,----now you ſee me you know me.

Fred. Yes Sir, I do know you.

Smirk. And you all ſee me, you ſay.

Omnes. We do.

Smirk. And I do ſee all you, but what's that to the purpoſe? *Duke.* Very little I confeſs.

Smirk. Shall I demonſtrate matter of Art, and have nothing for my paines.

Omnes. No, no, the Proclamation ſpeaks the contrary.

Smirk. Well, becauſe Royalty ſhall have no wrong in ſuſpecting your Bounty----you ſee me you ſay.

Duke. Yes, we do.

Smirk. But who ſees me now? *Puts it on*

Duke. Truſt me he's inviſible to me. *his finger.*

Omnes. And to us all.

Smirk. I ſhould be very ſorry els; for, and my inviſible Ring ſhould not keep his old vertue, I would hang my ſelfe directly. *Fred.* Prithee appear again.

Smirk. I will have Majeſty call me firſt.

Fred. Why, the Duke does call you.

Smirk. Let me hear him *Viva Voce*, *Smirk* is my name, a welbeloved Subject, once a Painter, but now Squire of the inviſible Ring.

Duke. *Smirk*, and our welbeloved Subject, once a Painter, but now Eſquire of the inviſible Ring I conjure thee to appear again.

Smirk.

Smirk. See here I am, what wilt thou mighty Monarch?

Duke. I do command thee let me ſee the Ring by which thou walk'ſt inviſible.

Smirk. I do command thee not to command me that, for from my inviſible Ring I will not part.

Duke. Lay hands upon him for a Sorcerer.

Smirk. Aſſiſt me my dear Ring, no hands upon me, for being inviſible I am a Prince, no hands is to be laid on me, Treaſon doth never proſper.

Conjurer. Nay, then, what hoh. *Enter Spirit.*

Spirit. Thy will? *Whiſper.*

Conjurer. Seize it, and fly. *Smirk within Oh, Oh, Oh.*

Spirit. I am gone.

Fred. How? whoſe that exclaimes? *Enter Smirk.*

Smirk. The cramps in my Finger.

Conjurer. The cramp?

Smirk. I the Cramp; the Ring that cur'd it is gone, the divell go with it, for on my conſcience he fetcht it.

Duke. What's become of the Ring?

Conjurer. Pardone me my leige, the vertue that it held came from my Art, the Dutcheſs found the worth on't when time was.

Duke. Thy knowledge in good Arts is warranted by us, ſince all thy actions have been juſt and loyal—what meanes this. *a Trumpet.*

Enter a Page.

Page. Thus was I bidden to my Soveraign,
Fall on my face, now riſe I up again,
To render to the Ladyes fair ſalutes,
And give them all their worthy Attributes,
Wonder not that I reſolutly come
Boldly, thus daring preſs into this roome,
For from a Lord 'tis ſaid of eminent note,
I bring this challenge ſuch as can read may know't.

Fred. Very ſuccinct and peremptory.

Duke. What i'ſt? *Fred.* A Challenge.

Duke. Read it.

Conju. For this day I am Maſter of the Revels. *reads.* Be it known unto all Men that I, Viſconnt *Shallow* doth Challenge all Courtiers whatſoever at the true compendious forme of compiling Epiſtles, *Alias* love letters to Ladyes, or Miſtreſſes, either in proſe or verſe *ex tempore* or not, *ex tempore* according as it ſhall pleaſe the challenged. *Fred.* Here's unexped ſport, *Smirk* thou ſhalt take him up, I'le wager on thy ſide.

Smirk. Say you ſo Sir, ſhall I be the man, 'twill recompence my loſs of the Ring for I know I ſhall beat him out o'th Pit with Oratry and Poetry. *Enter Shallow*

Shallow. Which is my Antagoniſt?

Smirk. Behold the Man with Pen and Inke provided.

Shallow. Poor fool thou wilt but make thy ſelf derided.

Smirk. So nimble in rime, I'le firſt break your neck in proſe, and afterwards whip you in verſe, I'le I ambaſt you in couplets: you challenge all men to compoſe.

Shallow. I do.

Smirk. With figures or without figures, with ſentences or without ſentences. *a Table ſet forth.*

Shallow. 'Tis right.

Smirk. Draw out your pen and Inkhorn I am for you.

Shallow. With expedition too, I put in that.

Smirk. No, expedition belongs to Clerkes, and not to Secretaries.

Shallow. I Sir, celerity I mean.

Smirk. No more but ſo, a word's enough.

Fred. Smirk goes on ſmoothly without any rub.

Conjurer. Yet there he had one.

Fred. Hold byas, and a ſentence then.

Shallow. Scripſi.

Smirk. Et Scripſi.

Fred. Now lordings lend your Eares.

Shallow.

Shallow. I will read it first my selfe.

Conjurer. Good reason

Shallow. Fairest in the World, and sweetest upon earth.

Smirk. So, so, so.

Shallow. I remember my duty to you in black and white. *Smirk.* I would it had been black and blew.

Conjurer. Peace.

Shallow. For all colours else, wave under the standard of your beauty; you are the Mistress of beauty, all other Women are but your hand-maids.

Smirk. Oh abominable barren.

Conjurer. Nay, *Smirk* silence, you must not interrupt your adversary.

Shallow. I can say nothing, without saying too much, nor say too much without saying nothing.

Smirk. I can say nothing, or els I wou'd say something, but here it is shall shame thee and thy Lordly botching.

Shallow. Methinks when thou standest in the Sun with thy feather on thy head, and thy Fan in thy hand, thou look'st like the Phenix of the East Indies, burning in spices, for Cloves, Mace, and Nutmegs are in thy breath.

Smirk. She would make an excellent Wassell boale.

Conjurer. Again, fy, fy.

Smirk. I have done.

Shallow. The apples of thy breast are like the Lemons of *Arabia* which makes the Vessel so sweet, it can never smell of the Caske.

Fred. If she should, it might prove the Brewers fault.

Shallow. Being come to your midle I must draw to an end, for my end is at the midle, because of the Proverb, In *Medio consistit vertus*, and so I conclude: yours while mine own, and afterwards if it were possible.

Smirk. VVell, now let me run on, judgment I crave.--

Fred. Which thou shalt have.

Smirk. Illustrious, bright shining, wellspoken, and blood

ſtirring Lady. *Fred.* I marry Sir.

Smirk. If the Rope of my capacity could reach to the Belfry of your beauty, theſe words of mine like Silver Bells might be worthy to hang in the ears of your favour; but the Ladder of my invention is too low to climb up to the Steeple of your underſtanding.

Omnes. Excellent *Smirk.*

Smirk. If it were not, I ſhould ring out my mind to you in a ſweet Peal of moſt ſavory conceits. For your face it is like the Sun, no man is able to endure it.

Omnes. Very good.

Smirk. Your forehead which I will neither compare to Alleblaſter nor to the Lilly, but it is, as it is, and ſo are both your Eyes; for your Noſe, it is a well arched bridge, which for brevity ſake I paſſe over: Your cheeks are like a good Comedy, worthy to be clapt: your lips and your teeth are incomparable; your tongue like the Inſtrument of *Orpheus*, able to tame the furies: to handle e'ry part of you were too much, but ſome particular part, no man can ſufficient.

Fred. Prithee let me give thee a box on the Eare, for that conceit.

Smirk. No my good Lord, pray keep your bounties; From top to toe you are a ſweet Veſſel of delight, I dare not ſay a Barrel, for often times with much joulting the Brewer beates out the bunghole, and ſo the good liquor runs out, but you containe yours although not hoopt about with the old farthingall after the neweſt faſhion, and ſo I leave you faireſt of a hundred, and wittyeſt of a thouſand, reſting in little reſt till I reſt wholly yours in the Dowa bed of affection, where ever ſtanding to my utmoſt I reſt all in all yours.

Fred. Could any man have ſaid more?

Shallow. Spare your ceſures a while Gentlemen; now Sir I challenge you in verſe, in praiſe of tall Women, and little

little Women, chooſe your ſubject, which you refuſe I'le take. *Smirk.* Why then I'le take your little Women.

Shallow. And I your luſty, proceed.

Conjurer. Some patience will be required from us, for their verſe cannot come off ſo roundly as their proſe.

Smirk. As roundly as a Runlet of Sake Sir, I'le warrant ye. *Shallow.* Scripſi.

Smirk, Sed non feci, ſtay a little here are a couple of lines, a Halter on 'em, they won not twiſt hanſomely, go forward I have ended.

Fred. Attention.

Shallow. Liſten you tall, and likewiſe you low man,
I ſing the praiſes of a bouncing Woman:
A full, well ſet, big-bon'd, and fairly jointed.
Fit to bid welcome, Men, are beſt appointed.

Conjurer. Excellent.

Shall. To your tall Women, your little one is nothing,
No more then is a high thing, to a low-thing.

Omnes. That's true.

Shall. For your ſmall dandiprat, I hope there's no man,
That thinks her but a hobby-horſe to Woman,
A thing to be forgot, and never known,
But on a holy day, to the rout ſhewn,
In Wars the Baſiliſco is prefer'd,
Before the Musket, and is louder hear'd.

Conjurer. There's an Error, little, and loud (my friend.)

Shallow. In every Tryumph where there is exceſſe,
The greater alwayes puteth down the leſs.
The Lyoneſs is more admired at,
Then her Epitome, which is a Cat.

Conjurer. The fool growes ſerious: He hath ſtollen it certainly.

Shallow. But to weak underſtandings now I come,
Is your ſmall Taber muſick to your Drum?

Smirk. Hum, drum, he has hit within an Inch of a con-

ceit of mine. *Shallow.* Or in an Instrument of peace, can (there that tryal
Be made upon a Kit, as a base Violl?
Judge you my Masters, that on both have plaid,
It is but my opinion, and I've said.
Fred. Come thou hast said well, *Smirk* look to your selfe.
Smirk. I warrant you, give me Audience.
Conjurer. Silence.
Smirk. In praise of little Women I begin,
And will maintain what I have enter'd in:
Is not your Parochit, or Marmoset,
In more request then your Baboone or Parret?
Give but your little wench freely her Liquor,
And to bed send her, you will find her quicker;
Pearter, nimbler, both to kiss, and cog,
Then your great wench that will lye like a Log:
And he that all day at the Drum doth labour,
Would at night gladly play upon a Taber.
I hope there's no man but of this beliefe,
That Veal's more sweet and nourishing then Beefe:
Small meates are still prefer'd, for ask your Glutton,
He'l always say Lambs sweeter then your Mutton,
Your Smelt then whiting firmer is, and sounder,
Nor must your Place compare with your neat Flounder.
Fred. Well said, now thou art in good victualls thou'lt never out. *Smirk.* In fish or flesh I'le prove it to each wight
A Larkes leg, then the body of a Kite
Is better far; Our Bakers alwayes make
The finest flour in the lesser Cake,
And I'le be judg'd by those that rootes do eat,
That your small Turnip's better then your great.
Conjurer. I am of thy mind too.
Smirk. Who list to be resolv'd, let 'um both try,
In that beleife I live, in that I'le die
Fred. Incomparable *Smirk*, thou'st my voice, judgment.
Omnes. A *Smirk*, a *Smirk*. *Exeunt.* The

The three Merry *Boyes.*

ARGUMENT.

The King a Tyrant, employes them to kill his Elder Brother, the Pantler betrayes it, but the buſineſs being done, they all ſuffer, &c.

ACTORS NAMES.

Yeoman of the Wine Cellar, Cook, Butler, Pantler, Guard, and Boyes.

Enter the Maſter Cooke, Butler, Pantler, Yeomen of the Cellar with a Jack of Beere, &c.

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day boyes, give me ſome drink, this fire's a plaguy fretter: body of me I am dry ſtill, give me the Jack boy, this wooden skiff holds nothing.

Pant. And faith Maſter, what brave new meates? for here will be old eating.

Cook. Old and young boy; let 'em all eat, I have it; I have ballaſſe for their bellies, if they eat a Gods name, let them have ten tire of teeth a peece, I care not.

Butler. But what new rare munition.

Cook. Piſh, a thouſand; I'le make your Pigges ſpeak French at Table, and a fat Swan come ſailing out of *England* with a Challenge; I'le make you a Diſh of Calves-feet dance the Canaries, and a conſort of cram'd Capons fidle to 'em; a Calves-head ſpeak an Oracle, and a douzen of Larkes riſe from the Diſh and ſing all ſuper time; 'tis nothing boyes: I have framed a fortification out of Rie paſt which is impregnable, and againſt that, for two long hours together, two douzen of Marrow-bones ſhall play continually; for fiſh, I'le make you a ſtanding lake of white broth, and Pikes come ploughing up the plums before them;

them; *Arion* like a Dolphin, playing lachrymo, and brave King Herring with his Oyle and Onyon crown'd with a Lemon pill, his way prepar'd with his ſtrong Guard of Pilchers. *Pantl.* I marry Maſter.

Cooke. All theſe are nothing: I'le make you a ſtuble Gooſe turn o'th toe thrice, do a croſs point preſently, and ſit down agen, and cry come eat me: Theſe are for mirth: now Sir, for matter of mourning, I'le bring you in the Lady loyne of Veal, with the long love ſhe bore the Prince of *Orange*.

All. Thou Boy, thou. *Cooke.* I have a trick for thee too, and a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

Yeoman. What's that good Maſter? *Cooke.* 'Tis a Sacrifice: a full Vine bending like an Arch, and under the blown God *Bacchus*, ſitting on a Hogſhead, his Alter-beer: before that plump Vintner kneeling and offering incenſe to his deity, which ſhall be only red ſprats and pilchers.

Butler. This when the Tables drawn, to draw the Wine in. *Cook.* Thou haſt it right, and then comes thy ſong *Butler.* *Pantl.* This will be admirable. *Yeom.* Oh Sir moſt admirable. *Cooke.* If you'l have the Paſty ſpeak, 'tis in my power, I have fire enough to work it; what friends haſt thou to day? no Citizens? *Pantl.* Yes father, the old crew. *Cooke.* By the Maſſe true Wenches: ſirrah ſet by a Chine of Beefe, and a hot Paſty, and let the Jell of ſturgeon be corrected: and do you marke Sir, ſtalke me to a Pheaſant, and ſee if you can ſhout her in the Celler. *Pantl.* God a mercy lad, ſend me thy roaring bottles, and with ſuch Nectar I will ſee 'em fill'd that all thou ſpeak'ſt ſhall be pure helicon. *Butler.* But what was't we did promiſe to Monſiure Latorch.

Yeoman. Do you ask that now? *Pantl.* I'le tell you It is to be all villaines, knaves and Traytors.

Cooke. Fine wholſome titles.

Butler. But if you dare go forward.

Cooke.

Cooke. May be hang'd drawn and quarter'd.

Pantl. Very true Sir. *Cooke.* What a goodly ſwing I ſhall give the Gallowes? yet I think too, this may be done, and yet we may be rewarded, not with a Rope, but with a Royal Maſter: and yet we may be hang'd too.

Yeoman. Say it were done; who is't done for? is it not for *Rollo*? and for his right? *Cooke.* And yet we may be hang'd too? *Butler.* Or ſay he take it, ſay we be diſcover'd? Is not the ſame man found to protect us? are we not his? *Yeom.* Sure he will never fail us.

Cooke. If he do, friends, we ſhall find that will hold us; & yet methinks, this Prologue to our purpoſe, the Crowns were given, ſhould promiſe more: 'Tis eaſily done, as eaſy as a man would roaſt an Egge, if that be all; for look you, Gentlemen, here ſtand my brothes, my finger ſlips a little, down drops a Doſſe, I ſtir him with my Ladle, and there's a Diſh for a Duke: *Olla podrida*, here ſtands a Bak'd meat, he wants a little ſeaſoning, a fooliſh miſtake; my Spice-box, Gentlemen, and put in ſome of this, the matter's ended; dredge you a diſh of Plovers, there's the art on't. *Yeoman.* Or as I fill my Wine. *Cooke.* 'Tis very true Sir, bleſſing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly firſt, when 'tis paſt and done once, 'tis as eaſy for him to thank us for it, and reward us.

Pantl. But 'tis a damn'd ſin. *Cooke.* Oh never feare that, the fire's my playfellow, and now I am reſolv'd boyes. *Butler.* Why then have with you.

Yeoman. The ſame for me. *Pantl.* For me too.

Cooke. And now no more our worſhips, but our Lordſhips. *Pantl.* Not this year on my knowledg, I'le un-Lord you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Guard.

Guard. Make roome before there, roome for the Priſoners. 1. *Boy.* Are theſe the Youths? *Cooke.* Theſe are the Youths you look for, and pray my honeſt friends

be

be not too hasty, there will be nothing done till we come I assure you. 2. *Boy.* Here's a wise hanging, are there no more?

Butler. Do you hear, you may come in for your share, if you please.

3. *Boy.* Afore, afore, Boyes here's enough to make us sport. *Yeoman.* Pox take you, do you call this sport? are these your recreations? must we be hang'd to make you mirth. *Cooke.* Do you hear Sir? you custard pate, we go to't, for high treason, an Honourable fault: thy foolish father was hang'd for stealing sheep.

1. *Boy.* Away Boyes, away.

Cooke. Do you see how that sneaking Rogue looks now? you, chip, *Pantler*, peaching Rogue, that provided us these Neck-laces: you poor Rogue, you costive Rogue you.

Pantler. Pray, pray, fellowes. *Cooke.* Pray for thy crusty Soul? where's your reward now goodman manchet for your fine discovery? I do beseech you Sir, where are your dollers? draw with your fellowes and be hang'd.

Yeoman. You must now, for now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort, a place too good for thee thou meal-mouth'd Rascall. *Cooke.* Hang handsomely, for shame come leave your praying, you peaking knave, and be like a good Courtier; die daringly, and like a man; no preaching, with I beseech you take example by me, I liv'd a lewd man, good people; pox on't: die me as if thou had'st din'd, say grace, and Heaven be with you.

Guard. Come will you forward? *Cooke.* Good Mr. Sheriffe, your leave to, this hasty work was ne're done well, give us so much time as but to Sing our own ballads for wee'l trust no man, nor no time but our own, 'twas done in Ale too, your penny pot Poets, are such pelting theeves, they ever hang men twice, we have it here Sir, and so must every Merchant of our Voyage, he'l make a sweet return else of his Credit.

Yeo.

Teo. One fit of our mirth, and then we are for you.
Guard. Make haſt then, diſpatch. *Teo.* There's day enough Sir.

Cooke. Come Boyes, ſing cheerfully, we ſhall ne're ſing younger; we have choſen a lewd tune too, becauſe it ſhould like well.

Song.

Teo. Come, fortune's a Whore I, care not who tells her,
Would offer to ſtrangle a Page of the Celler,
That ſhould by his Oath, to any mans thinking,
And place, have had a defence for his drinking;
But thus ſhe does ſtill, when ſhe pleaſes to palter
Inſtead of his wages, ſhe giveshim a Halter.

Chorus.

Three merry boys & three merry boys & three merry boys are we
As ever did ſing in a hempen ſtring, under the Gallow Tree.

2.

Butler. But I that was ſo luſty,
And ever kept my Bottles,
That neither they were muſty,
And ſeldome leſs then Pottles;
For me to be thus ſtopt now,
With 'hem inſtead of Corke Sir,
And from the Gallowes topt now,
Shews that there is a Forke Sir,
In death, and this the token
Man may be two wayes killed,
Or like the Bottle broken,
Or like the Wine, be ſpilled.

Chorus.

And three merry Boyes, &c.

3.

Cooke. Oh yet but look on the Maſter Cooke, the glory (of the Kitchin,

In

In sowing whose fate, at so loftly a rate, no Taylor e're had stitching,
For though he makes the man, the Cooke he makes the Dishes;
The which no Taylor can, wherein I have my wishes,
That I who at so many a feast have pleas'd so many tasters
Should now my selfe come to be drest a dish for you my Masters.

Chorus.

And three merry Boyes, &c.

Cooke. There's a few copies for you; now farewell friends: and good Mr. Sheriffe let me not be printed with a Brass pot on my head.

Butler. March fair, march fair, afore good Captain *Pantler*. *Pantler.* Oh man, or beast, or you at least
That were or brow or Antler,
Prick up your eares, unto the teares
Of me poor *Paul* the *Pantler*,
That thus am clipt, because I chipt
The curst crust of Treason:
With loyal knife! Oh dolefull strife
To hang thus without reason. *Exeunt*

The Bubble.

ARGUMENT.

The Master becomes a servant, the servant a Master, and the Master a servant agen.

ACTORS NAMES.

Gervase, Bubble, Sprinckle, Scattergood, Gentlewomen, Fathers, and two Gentlemen.

Enter Master and Man.

Master. Hast thou packt up all thy things? nay prithee weep not. *Man.* Affection Sir will burst out, but Master wherefore should we be parted?

Master.

Maſter. Becauſe my fortunes are deſperate. *Man.* But whether do you mean to go Maſter?

Maſt. Why to Sea man, to ſea. *Man.* Lord bleſs us methinks I hear of a tempeſt already.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where dwells Mr. *Bubble?* *Man.* What is your buſineſs with Mr. *Bubble?* I am the Man. *Meſſeng.* May I be aſſured that your name is Mr *Bubble?*

Man. I tell thee honeſt friend my name is Mr *Bubble*, Mr *Bartholomew Bubble.*

Meſſeng. Why then Sir you are Heir to a million; your Uncle the rich Uſurer is dead.

Man. Hum, hum. *Maſt.* How my little Bubble is blown up with the news. *Enter another.*

The other. Where's the Worſhipfull Mr. *Bubble?*

Man. The Worſhipfull, what you do with the Worſhipfull Mr. *Bubble?* I am the Man.

Other Meſſeng. Mr. *Thong* the Beltmaker by me gives you notice that your Uncle is dead, and you are his only Heir. *Bubble.* Thy news is good & I have look'd for't long,
Thanks unto thee my friend, and good man *Thong:*
Come Maſter now you ſhall not need to travell,
Nor feaſt your Toes with durt and ſcurvy Gravell.

Exeunt.

Enter in Mourning and a Gentleman.

Bubble. I, I, he's gone, he's gone. *Gent.* What then? 'tis not you can fetch him agen, it muſt be your comfort that he dyed well.

Bubble. Truely ſo it is, I would to God I had ee'n another Uncle that would dye no worſe, the remembrance of death is ſharp Gentlemen, therefore there is a Banquet within to ſweeten your conceits.

1. *Gent.* Well, Mr. *Bubble* we'l go in and taſt of your bounty, in the mean time you muſt be of good cheer.

Bubble. If greife take not away my ſtomack, I will have good

good cheer. *Bubble.* If griefe take not away my ſtomack I will have good cheer:--- *Sprinckle*, Had the women puddens to their dole? *Sprinckle.* Yes Sir.

Bubble. And how did they take them?

Sprinckle. With their hands Sir.

Bubble. O thou *Hercules* of ignorance, I mean how were they ſatisfied?

Sprinckle. By my troth Sir, but ſo ſo, and yet ſome of them had two.

Bubble. O inſatiable Women! whom two puddins would not ſatisfie,

Off with my mourning Robes, griefe to the grave,
For I have Gold and therefore will be brave: *Puts off*
In Silkes I'le rattle it of every colour *his Mourning.*
And when I go by water, ſcorne a skullar:
In black cornation Velvet I will cloak me,
And when Men bid God ſave me, cry *Tu Quoque*:
It is needfull a Gentleman ſhould ſpeak *Latin* ſome times, i'ſt not *Gervaſe*?

Gervaſe. O very graceſull, your moſt accompliſht Gentlemen are known by it.

Bubble. Then I'le uſe that little I have upon all occaſions.

Exeunt.

Enter Bubble *as to his Courtſhip, with Ladyes and their father.*

Bubble. Thankes, and *Tu Quo* is a word for all, but *Gervaſe* how ſhall I behave my ſelfe to the Gentlewomen.

Staines. Why advance your ſelfe towards them, and for your diſcourſe your *Tu Quoque* will bear you out.

Bubble. Nay, and that be all I care not, I'le ſet a good face on't that's flat, and here's a leg? if ever a Baker in *England* ſhew me a better I'le give him mine for nothing.

Gervaſe. Oh that's a ſpecial thing that I muſt caution you of, never whil'ſt you live commend your ſelfe, the more vilely you ſpeak of your,---the more the Ladyes will

will applaud. *Bubble.* Say'ſt thou ſo *Gervaſe*, then let me alone to diſpraiſe my ſelfe, I'le make my ſelfe the arranteſt Coxcomb in a whole Countrey, is this the eldeſt ſir.

Gent. Yes marry is ſhe ſir.

Bubble. I'le kiſſe the youngeſt firſt, becauſe ſhe likes me leſt, by th' maſſe they kiſſe exceeding well, I do not think out they have been brought up to 't,— now to my ſpeech Lady— even a— Drumer or a Pewterer—

Lady. Very good ſir. *Bubble.* Do,- do, do.—

Lady. What do they do? *Bubble.* By my troth I do not know; for to ſay truth I am a kind of an Aſſe.

Lady. How ſir, an Aſſe?

Bubble. So God ha' me I am Lady, you never ſaw an erranter Aſſe in your life, pray look upon me Lady.

Lady. So I do ſir.

Bubble. But look upon me well, and tell me if ever you ſaw a Man look ſo ſimply as I do, did you ever ſee a worſe timber'd Leg, what ſay you, can you find e're a good inch about me.

Lady. Yes that I can ſir.

Bubble. Find it and take it Lady; there I think I bob'd her *Jervaſe*,— come Ladies will you lead the way.

Gervaſe. Ah while you live Men before VVomen, cuſtome hath plai'd it ſo.

Bubble. Why then cuſtome is not ſo mannerly as I would be. *Exeunt.*

Enter with his Miſtreſſe.

Bubble. Pray let me ſee your hand, the line of your Maiden-head is out, now for your fingers; upon which finger will you weare your Wedding-ring.

Miſtreſſe. Upon no finger.

Bubble. Then I perceive you mean to weare it upon your Thumb, well the time is come ſweet *Joyce*, the time is come.

Joyce. What to do ſir.

Bubble. For me to tickle thy *Tu Quoque*, therefore prepare, provide to morne to meet me as a Bride.

Miſtreſſe. I'le meet thee like a Ghoſt firſt. *Exit.*

Enter Scattergood, and Bubble as to be married.

Scattergood. Did I eat my Lettice to Supper laſt night that I am ſo ſleepy, thy eyes are cloſe too Brother *Bubble.*

Bubble. As faſt as a Kentiſh Oyſter, ſurely *I* was begot in a Plumb-Tree, I have ſuch a deale of Gum about my eyes, what's this about my ſhins?

Scat. We have metamorphoſed our Stoacking for want of Splendor. *Bubble.* Pray, what's that Splendor?

Scatt. Why, 'tis the *Latin* word for a Chriſtmas candle.

Enter the Gentlewomen their Father and their Husband.

Bubble. Tu Quoque to all: What ſhall we go to Church? I long to be about this geare.

Father. You may take out the other nap now, for you are cozen'd, and made a coxcombe.

Scatt. That word coxcombe goes againſt my Stomack.

Bubble. And againſt mine, a man might have digeſted a Woodcock better. *Father.* Do you know that youth in Sattin, he's the penner to that Inkhorn.

Bubble. Are not you my man *Gervaſe*? have you marryed her? *Gervaſe.* The Prieſt has Sir.

Bubble. Then am worſe then ten Coxcombes.

Gervaſe. And a beggerly one, your time of pageantry is over, ſergeants take him to ye.

Bubble. How's this, is my *Tu Quoque* come to an *Et cetera*

Gervaſe. If you can put off your former pride and put on this with that humility that you firſt wore it, I will pay your debts, free you of all incumbrances, and take you again into my ſervice.

Bubble. 'Tis, but faces about, and be as I was, Tenterhook let me go, I will take his Worſhips offer, rather then be kept in you clutches, a man in a Blew coat may have

ſome

ſome colour for his Knavery, when in the Counter he can have none. *Exeunt.*

The Club-Men.

ARGUMENT.

An old Humorous Captain animates the rout to Rebellion on the behalf of Philaſter, they ſurpriſe Pharamond, a boaſting lamiſh Prince, but are appeaſed by Philaſter, and Pharamond releaſed.

ACTORS NAMES.

An old Captain, three or four Citizens, Pharamond, and Philaſter.

Enter Captain.

COme my brave mirmidons, lets fall on, let our Caps ſwarme my boyes, and your nimble Tongues forget your Mother Gib-riſh, of what do you lack, and ſet your mouths up Children, till your Pallats fall frighted halfe a fathome, paſt the cure of Bay-ſalt and groſſe Pepper, and then cry *Philaſter*, brave *Philaſter*, let *Philaſter* be deeper in requeſt, my ding-dongs, my paires of dear Indentures, King of Clubs, then your cold water chamblets, or your paintings ſpitted with copper, let not your haſty ſilkes or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tiſhnes, dearly belov'd of ſpiced Cake and Cuſtard, your Robinhoods ſcarlet and Johns, tye your affections in darkneſſe to your ſhops, no dainty Duckers, up with your three-pil'd ſpirits, your wrought valours, and let your uncut coller make the King feele the meaſure of your mightineſſe *Philaſter*, cry my Roſe-nobles cry.

All. Philaſter, Philaſter.

Captain. How do you like this my Lord Prince, theſe

are mad boyes, *I* tell you, theſe are things that will not ſtrike their Top-ſailes to a foarſt, and let a Man of Warre an Argoſy bull, and cry Cockes.

Phar. Why you rude ſlave, do you know what you do?

Capt. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know, and give your greatneſſe warning, that you talk no more ſuch bug-words, or that ſoldred Crown ſhall be ſcratch'd with a Musket; Deare Prince Pippin, down with your noble blood, or as *I* live i'le have you codled; let him loſe my ſpirits, make as a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors, and let us ſee what this trim Man dares do; now ſir have at ye, here *I* lie, and with this ſwaſhing blow, do you ſweat Prince; *I* could hack your Grace, and hang ye up croſſe-leg'd, like a Hare at a Poulterers.

Phar. You will not ſee me murthered wicked Villains.

1 *Citiz.* Yes indeed we will ſir, we have not ſeen one foe a great while.

Capt. He would have weapons, would he? give him a broadſide my brave Boyes with your Pikes, branch me his skin in flowers like a Sattin, and between every flower a mortal cut, your Royalty ſhall ravell, jag him Gentlemen, i'le have him cut to the kell, then down the ſeames, oh for a whip to make him Galoom-laces, i'le have a Coach-whip.

Phar. O ſpare me Gentlemen.

Capt. Hold, hold, the Man begins to feare and know himſelfe, he ſhall for this time only be ſeal'd up with a feather through his noſe, that he may only ſee Heaven, and think whether he's going, nay my beyond Sea ſir, we will proclaime you, you would be King; thou tender heire apparant to a Church-ale, thou ſleight Prince of ſingle ſcarce net; thou Royall ring-taile fit to fly at nothing but poor mens Poultrey, and every Boy beat thee from that too with his bread and butter.

Phar. Gods keep me from theſe hell-hounds.

2. *Citiz.*

2. *Citiz.* Shall's geld him Captain? *Capt.* No, you ſhall ſpare his dowcets my dear Donſells, as you reſpect the Ladyes let them flouriſh; the curſes of a longing woman kills as ſpeedy as a Plague Boyes,

1. *Citiz.* I'le have a leg that's certain.

2. *Citiz.* I'le have an arme. 3. *Citiz.* I'le have his noſe and at my own charge, build a Colledge and clap't upon the Gate. 4. *Citiz.* I'le have his little Gut to ſtring a Kit with, for certainly a royall Gut will ſound like Silver.

Phira. Would they were in thy belly, and I paſt my paine once. 5. *Citiz.* Good Captain let me have his liver to feed Ferrets. *Capt.* Who will have parcells els? ſpeak.

Phar. Good Gods conſider me I ſhall be tortur'd.

1. *Citiz.* Captain I'le give you the trimming of your Hand-ſword; and let me have his skin to make falſe ſcabbards. 2. *Citiz.* He had no hornes Sir had he?

Capt. No Sir, he's a pallad, what would'ſt thou do with no nes? 2. *Citiz.* O if he had, I would have made rare Hats and whiſtles of 'em, but his vain bones if they be ſound ſhall ſerve me. *Enter Philaſter.*

All. Long long live *Philaſter*, the brave Prince *Philaſter*, I thank ye Gentlemen, but why are theſe rude weapons brought abroad? to teach your hands uncivill trades?

Capt. We are the royal Roſicleeze, we are thy mirmidons thy Guard, thy rourers, and when the Noble body is in durance, thus do we clap our muſty murryons on, and trace the ſtreets in terrour, is it peace thou *Mars* of men? is the King ſociable, and bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen and froe as Phebus? ſpeak, of not, this ſtand of Royal Blood ſhall be broach, a tilt and run even to the lees of Honour.

Philaſt. Hold and be ſatisfied, I am my ſelfe, free as my thoughts are: By the Gods I am.

Capt. Art thou the dainty Darling of the King? art thou the hylas to our Hercules? doth the Lords bow, and

the regarded Scarlets, kiſs their gum'd gols and cry we are your ſervants? Is the Court navigable, and the preſence ſtruck with Flags of friendſhip? if not, we are thy Caſtle, and this man ſleeps.

Philaſter. I am what I do deſire to be your friend; I am what I was born to be your Prince.

Pharo. Sir there is ſome humanity in you, you have a noble Soul forget my name, and know miſery, ſet me ſafe aboard from theſe wild camballs, and as I live, I'le quit this Land for ever. *Philaſt.* I do pitty you: friends diſcharge your feares, deliver me the Prince.

1. *Citiz.* Good Sir take heed he does not hurt you, he's a fierce man I can tell you Sir. *Capt.* Prince by your leave, I'le have a ſurſingle, and make you like a hawk.

Philaſt. Away, away, there is no danger in him, alas he had rather ſleep to ſhake his fit off, good my friends go to your houſes and by me have your pardons and my love and for an earneſt drink this. *Exit Philaſt. & Pharomond.*

All. Long may'ſt thou live brave Prince, brave Prince, brave Prince.

Capt. Thou art the King of Courteſies: fall off again my ſweet youths, come, and every neace to his houſe agen, and hang his pewter up, then to the Tavern and bring your wives in muffs, we will have Muſick, and the red Grape ſhall make us dance and riſe boyes.

Exeunt.

Forc'd Vallour.

ARGUMENT.

A Fellow that will never fight but when he is in paines with ſome diſpleaſe is perſwaded into one, and then doe, Wonders.

ACTORS NAMES.

Demetrius the Prince. Leontius a Collonel, a Leiutenant, two Gentlemen, 2. Phiſitians.

Enter Leontius, and Leiutenant.

Leontius. Go get the Drums, beat round Leiutenant. *Leiute.* Hark ye, Sir, I have a fooliſh buſineſs they call Marryage. *Leon.* After the Wars are done. *Leiute.* The Party ſtayes Sir, I have given the Prieſt his money too; all my friends Sir, my Father, and my Mother. *Leon.* Will ye go forward. *Leiut.* She brings a pretty matter with her.

Leon. Halfe a douzen Baſtards. *Leiut.* Some forty Sir. *Leon.* A goodly competency. *Leiut.* I meane Sir, pounds a year; I'le diſpatch the matter, 'tis but a night or two; I'le overtake ye Sir. *Leon.* Where lyes the horſe quarter? *Leiut.* And if it be a Boy, I'le even make bold Sir. *Leon.* Away with your whore, a plague o'your whore, damn'd Rogue, now you are cur'd and well; muſt ye be clicketing? *Leiut.* I have broke my mind to my ancient, in my abſence, he's a ſufficient Gentleman. *Leon.* Get forward.

Leiut. Only receive her portion.

Leon. Get ye forward; els I'le bang ye forward.

Leiut. Strange Sir, a Gentleman and an Officer, cannot have the liberty to do the Office of a man.

Leon.

Leon. Shame light on thee, how came this whore into thy head? *Leiut.* This whore Sir? 'tis ſtrange, a very poor whore. *Leon.* Do not anſwere me: Troop, troop away; Do not name this whore again, or think there is a whore. *Leiut.* That's very hard Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius, and Leiutenant again.

Leon. Turne but thy face, and do but make Mouths at 'em. *Leiut.* And have my teeth knockt out; I thank you heartily. *Leon.* what the divell ailes thee? doſt long to be hang'd? *Leiut.* Faith ſir, I make no ſuit for't: but rather then I would live thus out of charity, continually in brawling.---- *Leon.* And wilt thou ne're fight more? *Leiut.* 'Ith mind I am in. *Leon.* Nor never be ſick again? *Leiut.* I hope I ſhall not.

Leon. Prithee be ſick again; prithee, I beſeech thee, be juſt ſo ſick again. *Leiut.* I'le need'lt be hang'd firſt.

Leon. If all the arts that are can make a collique, therefore look to't; or if impoſthums marke me, as big as foot balls.---- *Leiut.* Deliver me. *Leon.* Or ſtones of ten Pound weight 'ith Kidneys, through eale and ugly dyets may be gather'd; I'le feed ye up my ſelfe, I'le prepare ye, you cannot fight, unleſſe the devill feares ye; you ſhall not want provocations, I'le ſcratch ye, I'le have thee have the Tooth-ach and the head-ach.

Leiut. Good Collonel, I'le do any thing. *Leon.* No, no, nothing—then will I have thee blown with a pair of Smiths bellows, becauſe you ſhall be ſure to have a round Gale with ye, fil'd full of Oyle, o'devill, and aquafortis, and let theſe work, theſe may provoke.

Leiut. Good Collonel. *Leon.* A coward in full blood prithee be plaine with me, will roaſting do thee any good?

Leiut. Nor baſting neither ſir.

Leon. Marry that goes hard,---do you ſee that thing there? *Enter two Gentlemen*

1. *Gent.* What thing? I ſee the brave Leiutenant.

Leon.

Leon. Rogue what a name haſt thou left? be rul'd yet, I'le beat thee on; go winck and fight: a plague upon your ſheepes heart. 2. *Gent.* What's all this matter?

1. *Gent.* Nay I cannot ſhew ye. *Leon.* There's twenty Pound, go but ſmell to 'em. *Leiut.* Alas ſir, I have taken ſuch a cold I can ſmell nothing. *Leon.* I can ſmell a raſcall, a ranck raſcall: fie how he ſtincks, ſtinks like a tyred jade. 2. *Gent.* What ſir? *Leon.* Why that ſir, do not you ſmell him? 2. *Gent.* Smell him. *Leon.* Stinks like a dead Dog, carrion---there's no ſuch damnable ſmell under heaven as the faint ſweat of a coward: will ye fight yet? *Leiut.* Nay, now I defye ye; ye have ſpoke the worſt ye can of me, and if every man ſhould take what you ſay to the heart--- *Leon.* God a mercy, God a mercy with all my heart; here I forgive thee; and fight, or fight not, do but go along with us and keep my Dog.

Leiut. I love a good Dog naturally. 1. *Gent.* What's all this ſtir Leiutenant? *Leiut.* Nothing ſir, but a ſleight matter of argument. *Leon.* Pox take thee: ſure I ſhall love this Rogue, he's ſo pretty a Coward; come play fellow, come, prithee come up; come Chicken, I have a way ſhall fit yet; a tame knave; come, look upon us.

Leiut. I'le tell you who does beſt boyes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius, and the two Gentlemen.

2. *Gent.* That he is ſick again.

Leon. Extreamly ſick; his diſeaſe grown incurable, never yet found, nor touch'd at. 2. *Gent.* Well we have it and here he comes. *Leon.* The Prince has been upon him what a platter face he has now? it takes, believe it; how like an Aſſe he lookes? *Enter Leiutenant*

Leiut. I feel no great pain, at leaſt I think I do not; yet I feel ſenſibly I grow extreamly faint: how cold I ſweat now? *Leon.* So, ſo, ſo. *Leiut.* And now 'tis even too true, I feel a pricking, a pricking, a ſtrange pricking: how it tingles? and as it were a ſtitch too: the Prince told me,

me, and every one cry'd out I was a dead man; I had thought I had been as well. *Leon.* Upon him now boys, and do it moſt demurely. 2. *Gent.* How now Leiutenant.

Leiut. I thank ye Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Life, how lookes this man? how doſt thou good Leiutenant? 2. *Gent.* I ever told ye this man was never cur'd, I ſee it too plain now; how do ye feel your ſelfe? you look not perfect, how dull his eye hangs?

1. *Gent.* That may be diſcontent.

2. *Gent.* Beleive me friend I would not ſuffer now the tithe of thoſe paines this man feeles; marke his forehead, what a cloud of cold dew hangs upon't?

Leiut. I have it, again I have it; how it growes upon me? a miſerable man I am. *Leon.* Ha, ha, ha, a miſerable man thou ſhalt be, this is the tameſt trout I ever tickl'd.

Enter two Phiſitians.

Phiſ. This way he went. 2. *Phiſ.* Pray heaven we find him living, he's a brave fellow, 'tis pitty he ſhould periſh thus. *Phiſ.* A ſtronge hearted man, and of a noble ſufferance. *Leiut.* Ho, ho, 1. *Gent.* How now? how is it man. *Leiut.* Oh Gentlemen, never ſo full of pain.

2. *Gent.* Did I not tell ye?

Leiut. Never ſo full of pain Gentlemen.

1. *Phiſ.* He is here; how do ye Sir. 2. *Phiſ.* Be of good comfort Souldier, the Prince has ſent us to you.

Leiut. Do you think I may live. 1. *Phiſ.* Yes you may live; but.------/ *Leiut.* Finely butted Doctor.

1. *Gent.* Do not diſcourage him. 2. *Gent.* Here comes the Prince. *Enter Demetrius.*

Dem. How now Gentlemen? 2. *Gent.* bewailing Sir, a ſouldier, and one I *Demetrius* think your Grace will greive to part with, but every living think.----

Dem. 'Tis true, muſt periſh, our lives are but our marches to our Graves, how doſt thou now Leiutenant?

Leiut. Faith 'tis true Sir, we are but ſpans and candles

ends. *Leon.* He's finely mortified. *Dem.* I see he alters strangely; and that a pace too, I saw it this morning in him, when he poor man I dare swear.----

Leiut. No beleiv't sir, I never felt it. *Dem.* How he swells? 1. *Phis.* The impostume fed with a new malignant humor now will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible, the compass of a Bushell will not hold it, and with such a hell of torture it will rise too.----

Dem. Can you endure me touch it?

Leiut. Oh, I beseech you Sir? I feel you sensibly e're you come neer me. *Dem.* He's finely wrought, he must be cut, no cure else, and suddenly, you see how fast he blowes out. *Leiut.* Good Mr. Doctor, let me be beholding to you, I feel I cannot last. *Phis.* For what Leiutenant?

Leiut. But ev'n for halfe a douzen cans of good Wine, that I may drink my Will out; I faint hideously.

Dem. Fetch him some Wine, and since he must go Gentlemen, why let him take his journey merrily.

Leiut. That's even the neereſt way. *Dem.* Here off with that. *Leiut.* These two I give your Grace, a poor remembrance of a dying man Sir, and I beseech you weare 'em out. *Dem.* I will souldier, these are fine Legacies. *Leiut.* Among the Gentlemen, even all I have left; I am a poor man, naked, yet something for remembrance; four a peece Gentlemen, and lay my body where you please. *Leon.* It will work. *Leiut.* I make your Grace my Executor, and I beseech you see my poor will fulfilled; sure I shall walk else. *Dem.* As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand souldier. *Leiut.* I would hear a Drum beat but to see how I could endure it.

Dem. Beat a Drum there. *A Drum is beat within.*

Leiut. Oh Heavenly musick, I would hear one sing to't, I am very full of pain. *Dem.* Sing? 'tis impossible. *Leiut.* Why, then I would drink a Drum full; where lies the Enemy? 2. *Gent.* Why, here close by.

by. *Leon.* Now he begins to mutter. *Leiut.* And dare ye fight? dare ye fight Gentlemen? 1. *Phiſ.* You muſt not cut him: he's gone then in a moment, all the hope left, is to worke his weakneſs into ſudden anger, and make him raiſe his paſſion above his paine, and ſo diſpoſe him on the Enemy; his body then being ſtir'd with violence, will purge it ſelfe and break the ſore. *Dem.* 'Tis true ſir. 1. *Phiſ.* And then my life for his. *Leiut.* I will not die thus. *Dem.* But he is too weak to do. ——

Leiut. Die like a Dog? 1. *Phiſ.* I he's weak but yet he's heart-hole. *Leiut.* Hem. *Dem.* An excellent ſigne. *Leiut.* Hem. *Dem.* Stronger ſtill, and better.

Leiut. Hem, hem; Ran, tan, ran, tan, tan. *Exit Leiut.*

Phiſ. Now he's 'ith way on't. *Dem.* Well go thy wayes, thou wilt do ſomething certaine.

Leon. And ſome brave thing, or let mine Eares be cut off. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius and Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off; I 'm ſure he's clouted; did I not tell you how 'twould take?

1. *Gent.* 'Tis admirable *Enter Leiutenant with*

Leiut. Follow that blow my *colours in his hand, per-*

friend, there's at your Coxcombs, *ſuing 3 or 4. ſouldiers.*

I fight to ſave me from the ſurgeons miſeries.

Leon. How the knave curryes 'em? *Leiut.* You cannot Rogues, till you have my diſeaſes, fly my fury, ye bread and butter Rogues, do you run from me? and my ſide would give me leave, I would ſo hunt ye, ye porredg-gutted ſlaves, ye Veal-broth boobies.

Leon. Enough, enough Leiutenant, thou haſt done bravely.

Enter Demetrius and Phiſitians.

Dem. Mirror of man. *Leiut.* There's a Flag for ye Sir, I tooke it out o'th ſhop, and never paid for't I'le to 'em again, I am not come to'th text yet.

Dem.

Dem No more my ſouldier: beſhrew my heart he is hurt ſore. *Leon.* Hang him he'l lick all thoſe whole.

1. *Phiſ.* Now will we take him, and cure him a trice.

Dem. Be carefull of him. *Leiut.* Let me live but two yeares, and do what ye will with me: I never had but two houres yet of happyneſs; pray ye give me nothing to provoke my Valour, for I am ev'n as weary of this fighting.---- 2. *Phiſ.* You ſhall have nothing; come to the Princes Tent, and there the Surgeons preſently ſhall ſearch ye, then to your reſt.

Leiut. Leiut. A little handſome Litter to lay me in, and I ſhall ſleep. *Leon.* Look to him. *Dem.* I do beleive a horſe begot this fellow, he never knew his ſtrength yet.

Exeunt.

The *Encounter.*

ARGUMENT.

A peece of Mock-Knight errantry performed between Ralfe *a Grocers Prentice and* Barbaroſſa *a Barber.*

ACTORS NAMES.

A Citizen and his Wife, Ralfe their Prentice, Knight of the Burning Peſtle, a Squire and Dwarffe attending upon the Knight, Barbaroſſa the Giant, ſeveral Knights Errant, and diſtreſſed Damſells delivered by the Puiſſant Knight of the Burning Peſtle.

Enter Rafe, Squire, and Dwarffe.

RAFE. Oh faint not heart, *Suſan* my Lady deare: the Coblers Maid in *Milk-ſtreet* for whoſe ſake, I take theſe Arms, O let the thought of thee, carry thy Knight through all the aduenterous Deeds, and in the honour of thy beauteous ſelfe, may I deſtroy this monſter *Barbaroſſo*,

knock

knock Squire upon the Baſon, till it break with the ſhrill ſtrokes, or till the Giant ſpeak. *Enter Barbaroſſo.*

Wife. O *George* the Giant, the Giant, now *Rafe* for thy life. *Barbar.* What fond unknowing wight is this that dares, ſo rudely knock at *Barbaroſſo's* cell, where no man comes, but leaves his fleece behind?

Rafe. I, Trayterous caitife, who am ſent by fate to puniſh all the ſad enormities thou haſt commited againſt Ladies gentle, and errant Knights, Traytor to heaven and men: prepare thy ſelfe, this is the diſmall hour appointed for thee, to give ſtrict account of all thy beaſtly treacherous villanies.

Barbar. Fool hardy Knight, full ſoon thou ſhalt aby this fond reproach thy body will I bang, *Takes down* and loe upon that ſtring ſhall hang: *his Pole.* prepare thy ſelfe, for dead ſoon ſhalt thou be.

Rafe. Saint *George* for me.

Barbar. Gargantua for me.

Wife. To him *Rafe* to him, hold up the Giant, ſet out thy leg before *Rafe.* *Fight.*

Citiz. Falſifie a blow *Rafe.* falſifie a blow, the Giant lies open on the left ſide. *Wife.* Bear't off, bear't off ſtill; there boy, O *Rafe's* almoſt down, *Rafe's* almoſt down. *Rafe. Suſan* inſpire me, now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, ſo *Rafe*, down with him, down with him *Rafe.* *Citiz.* Fetch him over the hip boy.

Wife. There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill *Rafe.*

Citiz. No *Rafe* get all out of him firſt.

Rafe. Preſumptious man, ſee to what deſperate end thy treachery hath brought thee, the juſt Gods, who never proſper thoſe that do deſpiſe them, for all the villanies which thou haſt done to Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home by my ſtiffe Arme, a Knight adventurous; but ſay vile wretch before I ſend thy ſoul to ſad avernus, whether it muſt go, what captives holds't thou

in

thy sable Cave? *Barbar.* Go in and free them all, thou hast the day. *Rafe.* Go Squire and Dwarffe, search in this dreadfull Cave, and free the wretched Prisoners from their bonds. *Barbar.* I crave for mercy, thou art a Knight, and scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg. *Exit Squire and Dwarffe.*

Rafe. Thou shewest no mercy, nor shalt thou have any, prepare thy self for thou shalt surely die.

Enter Squire leading one winking with a Bason under his Chine.

Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one prisoner, whom this wild man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the wisest word I heard the Squire speak.

Rafe. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd, that I may give him condigne punishment.

1. *Knight.* I am a Knight that took my journey post northward from *London*, and in courteous wise, this Giant train'd me to his den, under pretence of killing of the Itch, and all my body with a powder strew'd, that smarts and stings, and cut away my beard, and my curl'd locks wherein were Ribands ty'd, and with a water washt my tender eyes, whil'st up and down about me still he skipt, whose vertue is, that till my eyes be wipt with a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace, I shall not dare to look a Dog i'th face. *Wife.* Alas poor Knight releife him *Rafe*, releife poor Knights whil'st you live.

Rafe. My trusty Squire convey him to the Town where he may find releife, adue fair Knight. *Ex. Squire & Knight.*

Enter Dwarffe leading one with a Patch on his Nose.

Dwarffe. Pusliant Knight of the Burning Pestle hight, see here another wretch, whom this foul beast hath scorcht and scor'd in this unhumane wise.

Rafe. Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth, and what hath been thy usage in this Cave?

2. *Knight.* I am a Knight Sir *Pock-hole* is my name, and by

by my birth I am a *Londoner*, free by my Copy, but my Ancestors were *Frenchmen* all, and riding hard this way, upon a trotting horse my bones did ake, and I faint Knight to ease my weary limbs, light at this Cave, when straight this furious fiend, with sharpest Instrument of purest steel, did cut the Gristle of my Nose away, and in the place this velvet plaister stands, releive me gentle Knight out of his hands. *Wife.* Good *Rafe* releive Sir *Pock-hole*, and send him away, for in truth his breath stinks.

Rafe. Convey him straight after the other Knight, Sir *Pock-hole* fare you well.

2. *Knight.* Mind Sir good night. *Exit.*

Wife. Harke *George*, what a wofull cry there is I think some Women lyes in there. *Rafe.* What gastly noise is this? speak *Barbaroſſa*, or by this blazing steel thy head goes off. *Barbar.* Prisoners of mine, whom I in dyet keep, send I ower down into the Cave, and in a Tub that's heated smoaking hot, there may they find them and deliver them. *Rafe.* Run Squire and Dwarffe, deliver them with speed. *Exit Squire and Dwarffe.*

cries within deliver us Women deliver us Woman deliver us

Wife. But will not *Rafe* kill this Giant, surely I am afraid if he let him go he will do as much hurt, as ever he did. *Citiz.* Not so mouse neither, if he could convert him. I *George*, if he could convert him; but a Giant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty tale of a Witch, that had the divells marke about her, God blesse us, that had a Giant to her son, that was called Lob--ly--by--the fire, didst never hear it *George*. *Citiz.* Peace *Nell* here comes the prisoners. *Enter Squire leading a man with a glass of potion in his hand, and the Dwarffe leading a woman with dyet-bread and drink.*

Dwarffe. Here be these pined wretches manfull Knight, that for these six weekes have not seen a wight.

Rafe.

Rafe. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this ſad Cave, and what your uſage was.

Man. I am an Errant-Knight that follow'd Arms,
With Spear and Sheild; and in my tender years,
I ſtricken was with *Cupid*'s fiery Shaft,
And fell in love with this my Lady dear,
And ſtole her from her Friends in *Turnbal*-ſtreet,
And bore her up and down from Town to Town,
Where we did eat and drink, and Muſick hear:
Till at the length, at this unhappy Town,
We did arrive; and coming to this Cave,
This Beaſt us caught, and put us in a Tub;
Where we this two months ſweat, and ſhould have done
Another moneth, if you had not reliev'd us.

Woman. This Bread and Water hath our Diet been;
Together with a Rib cut from a Neck
Of burned Mutton. Hard hath been our Fare:
Releaſe us from this ugly Giants Snare.

Man. This hath been half the food we have receiv'd;
But onely twice a day for novelty,
He gave a ſpoonful of his hearty Broath (*a Syringe.*
To each of us, through this ſame tender Quill. *Pulls out*

Rafe. From this infernal Monſter you ſhall go,
That uſeth Knights and Gentile-Ladies ſo.
Convey 'em hence *Exeunt.*

Barbar. Mercy, great Knight: I do recant my ill;
And henceforth never Gentile-Blood will ſpill.

Rafe. I give thee Mercy: but yet thou ſhalt ſwear,
Upon my Burning Peſtle, to perform
Thy promiſe utter'd.

Barbar. I ſwear and kiſs.

Rafe. Depart then, and amend.
Come, Squire and Dwarf, the Sun grows towards his ſet;
And we have many more Adventures yet. *Exeunt.*

The END.

The Humour of Simple.

Argument needless,
It being a Threw Farce, and very well known.

Actors Names.

Simpleton the Old, Simpleton the Young, Doll a Wench, two Gentlemen-Braves, Rivals in her Affection.

Enter Old Simpleton.

Old Simpleton. SIrrah *Simpleton*, where are you?

Young Simpleton within. Here, here, Father.

O. Simpl. Where, where, Sirrah?

Y. Simpl. At the Cupboard, Father; at the Cupboard.

O. Simpl. I thought as much: but come you hither, Sirrah, or I shall make your Ears sing Prick-song for you.

Enter Young Simpleton with a great piece of Bread and Butter.

Y. Simpl. 'Tis a miserable condition that a man cannot eat a little bit for his After-noons Luncheon, but he must be disturbed in the best of his Stomach.

O. Simpl. A bit! dost thou call it? O my Conscience this devouring Rascal, old as I am, would eat me if he found me in the Cupboard.

Y. Simpl. I do not think there is such a genteel Smirk in the Town, that hath such an old niggardly Coxcomb

to

to his Father as I: he knows I have no better a ſtomach then a young Green-ſickneſs Girl, and yet he grutches me every bit I eat.

O. Simpl. Leave off your muttering, and lend me an Ear a while.

Y. Simpl. Truly I cannot ſpare one, Father: yet now I think on't, you have great occaſion for one ever ſince the laſt Pillory-day; but ſince you are my Father, I will vouchſafe to liſten a while.

O. Simpl. You know that I am old.

Y. Simpl. The more 's the pity that you were not hang'd while you were young.

O. Simpl. Thou haſt drunk moſt of my Means away.

Y. Simpl. I 'll eat out the reſt.

O. Simpl. Leave your ill breeding, and give me ſenſibly a Reaſon why you will not work.

Y. Simpl. Becauſe I am lazie, Father.

O. Simpl. Nay, that's true.

Y. Simpl. True? why, do you think I would be ſo unmannerly to tell you a Lye, Father?

O. Simp. How I ſhall maintain that coming ſtomach of yours, unleſs your ſelf endeavour for it, I know not: but if thou wilt be ruled, I 'll make thee a Man.

Y. Simpl. A Man! why what am I now, a Mouſe? what would you make of me?

O. Simpl. An Aſſe, an Aſſe, a groſs Aſſe.

Y. Simpl. You may well make me a groſs Aſſe, you have ſo good a pattern.

O. Simpl. Liſten to me: you know the Widows Daughter at the Corner, ſweet Miſtriſs *Dorothy*; ſhe's both young and handſome, and has money too.

Y. Simpl. I, and that will help to buy victuals.

O. Simpl. Go and woo her, and I dare lay my Life thou carrieſt her.

Y. Simpl. I carry her, Father? Alas! I have but a

weak back, and besides I am somewhat lazily given, as you say: it were a great deal better that she would carry me.

O. Simpl. Thou hast no more wit then my Hammers head has, and no more brains then an Anvil, which every one may strike on, but never move it: Go, take your Fiddle, at that they say you are excellent; and when she thanks thee from her Chamber-window, say thou art my son, and that I sent thee about the thing she wots of.

Y. Simpl. O must I bumfiddle her under her Chamber-window? Well, I will go wash my hands, and starch my face, because I may be sure to go cleanly about my business. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Simpleton with a Viol.

Y. Simpl. Now must I go play an *Alampados* under Mistris *Dorothy*'s Chamber-window, and all that time perhaps she is a snorting: for to say the truth, my Musick will hardly have the vertue to waken her; and if she should wake, I could not tell what to say to her, unless it were to desire her to go to bed again. And because I will be sure to be acceptable to her, I will joyn my Nightingale-Voyce thereunto.

Enter the first Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* What Slave is this presumes to court my Mistris? Could I but see him, I would satisfie my anger with the ruine of his limbs; but he is gone, and I loose time in seeking. *Exit.*

Y. Simpl. That was a roaring Rogue, he has made my Heart jump upright into my Mouth; and if I had not held it fast with my Teeth, without doubt it had forsaken my Body; but he is gone, and now I will venture forward. *Enter the second Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* I heard some Musick at my Sweet-hearts window: could I but finde him, I would cut him, and slash him

him till his whole body were anatomized; but he is gone, and it was his wiſeſt courſe. *Exit.*

T. Simpl. That roaring Rogue was far worſe then the t' other; he has almoſt frighted my Song out of my head. Oh! we true and faithful Lovers, what perils and dangers muſt we undergo, to gain the wills and affections of our deareſt Dears? But now to my Muſick; and becauſe ſhe ſhall take a great pleaſure to think on it, I will ſing a ſong of a young Wench that had a great minde to be married before her time.

Sings.

Oh! Mother let me have a Husband kinde,
with toitre, loytre, loitre.
That day and night I may comfort finde
of a toitre, &c.

I care not whether honeſt Man or Knave,
ſo that he keep me fine and brave,
And that none elſe but I may have
his toitre, &c.

Oh Daughter you are not old enough
for a toitre, &c.
And Husbands often do prove rough
with a toitre, &c.

Your tender heart no griefe can carry,
as they muſt do ſometimes that marry:
You yet may well a twelve-moneth tarry
for a toitre, &c.

Oh! Mother I am in my teens,
for a toitre, &c.
And younger Wives are often ſeen
with a toitre, &c.

I pray let me not ſo idle ſtand,
for I can do as well as any can,
I have had a proof with John *our Man*
of his toitre, &c.

Well, if ſhe does not run mad for me now, it is pity ſhe ſhould have Muſick under her Window as long as ſhe lives.

Doll. Oh is it you? I thought none but a Puppy like your ſelf, would have diſturbed the Neighbours with your Gridiron-muſick: a Saw were far more pleaſing.

Y. Simpl. Forſooth I am very ſorry that you have no better skill in Muſick; in my Opinion I ſung moſt melodiouſly: but if you will be pleaſed to look with Eyes of judgement upon me, you will expreſs your love in a better manner to me.

Doll. I ſhall expreſs my love, if you continue here, in a far worſer manner then you think for. Do you ſee this Chamber-pot? it longs to be acquainted with that brainleſs head of yours: therefore be gone, and ſave your ſelf a waſhing.

Y. Simpl. If you ſhould waſh me, I think it would be but labour in vain: yet if you pleaſe to diſtil any of your ſweet water upon me, I ſhall deſire to be ſmelt out by you.

Doll. You Aſſe, you Puppy; muſt you needs force a drowning?

Y. Simpl. Is this the beginning of love? It is almoſt as bad as the Proverb to me: ſtay, it may be it is Roſe-water. Voh, it is as rank Urine as ever any Doctor caſt. I 'll call this ſame Old *Simpleton* my Father that ſet me about this buſineſs. Oh, Father *Simpleton*, where are you?

O. Simpl. Oh my Son, how haſt thou ſped, Boy?

Y. Simpl. O! I have ſped moſt abominably, Father: I got a great deal more then I expected.

O. Simpl.

O. Simpl. Oh my own natural Boy!

Y. Simpl. I, natural, to be ſure, I had ne'er come here elſe.

O. Simpl. But how did ſhe reliſh thee?

Y. Simpl. Why ſhe reliſh'd me with a whole Chamber-pot full of water.

O. Simpl. VVhy thou Aſſe, thou Puppy, thou Fool, thou Coxcomb.

Y. Simpl. VVhy? how can I help it? why did you get me ſo like a Fool?

O. Simpl. Come, ſhew me to her, and you ſhall ſee how I will handle her.

Y. Simpl. Nay, Father, I ſhould be loath to marry her, after you have had the handling of her.

O. Simpl. This is her Chamber, is it not?

Y. Simpl. Yes: I know it by a good token; for here ſhe opened the Sluce, and let the Flood-gates out upon me.

O. Simpl. Miſtriſs *Dorothy*, Miſtriſs *Dorothy*, pray come to the window.

Y. Simpl. Pray to the window, Miſtriſs *Dorothy*.

O. Simpl. Sirrah, hold your tongue.

Doll. VVhat again? ſure this whole morning is nothing but my trouble: what VViſe-aker is that now?

Y. Simpl. She calls you VViſe-aker: ſpeak now.

O. Simpl. I am your Neighbour, *Old Simpleton the Smith.*

Y. Simpl. And I *Young Simpleton the Smith.*

Doll. Oh Neighbour, is it you? Here was your Son but now, and he kept a worſe noiſe then a Bear-baiting: but you are civil, I will come down to you.

O. Simpl. Look you there, Sirrah; ſhe will come down to me, ſhe ſays.

Y. Simpl. I, by that time I have been a Courtier as long as you have been, one woman or other may come down to me.

Enter Doll.

Doll. Good morrow, Neighbour: what is your buſineſs, pray?

O. Simpl. VVhy it is this: this is my Son. Nay, it is my Son, I 'll aſſure you.

Y. Simpl. Yes, forſooth, he is ſure I am his Son; my Mother told him ſo.

Doll. Now I look better on him, he ſeems to me more handſome then before; your company ſeaſons him with diſcretion: but what 's your buſineſs, pray Sir?

O. Simpl. VVhy, if you pleaſe, forſooth, I would fain joyn you two together in the way of Matrimony.

Y. Simpl. Yes forſooth, to mock a marriage.

Doll. But hold, Sir, two words to a bargain: what profeſſion is your Son of?

Y. Simpl. Forſooth I am a Blackſmith: and though I ſay it, I have as good VVorking-gear as any Smith in the Pariſh; all my Neighbours VVives ſhall be my witneſs.

O. Simpl. Sirrah, hold your tongue.

Y. Simpl. VVhy, ſhall I come a woeing, and ſay nothing for my ſelf?

Doll. But what Eſtate, I pray, has your Son *in poſſe*?

Y. Simpl. Father, what Eſtate have I in a poſſet?

O. Simpl. Forſooth, two Cowes you ſhall have with him.

Y. Simpl. VVith a Calf, to my knowledge.

O. Simpl. Four Ewes and Lambs, and a Horſe to ride to market on.

Y. Simpl. Yes, and an A——— No, now I think on it, you may keep your Aſſe your ſelf.

O. Simpl. Four Mark in money.

Y. Simpl. Do you mark that?

O. Simpl. VVith a Bed and Blankets.

Y. Simpl. And then we may daunce the ſhaking of the ſheets when we can.

Doll.

Doll. These promises are fair; and if performed, I hope I shall not need repent my bargain.

Y. Simpl. Nor I neither: Come, let's to bed presently, and afterwards we 'll talk on it.

Doll. No, no; first to Church, and then to bed.

Y. Simpl. Oh! then you wo'nt follow the fashion of our Country; we commonly go to bed first, and to Church when we can: but come, I am contented.

Exeunt.

1 *Gent.* What should this mean? *Doll* has a Hat on; she did not use to wear one.

Enter Doll.

Doll. Oh Gentlemen! though I desire your company, yet now I could heartily wish your absence.

1 *Gent.* Why? what's the matter, *Doll*?

Doll. I am married.

2 *Gent.* To whom?

Doll. Do you not know him? *Young Simpleton the Smith.*

1 *Gent.* That Fool, that Coxcomb: I 'll break his Hammer with his own jolt-head.

Doll. Stand close, I hear him coming.

Enter Young Simpleton.

Y. Simpl. Sweet-heart, now we are married, things ought to be well carried: and the first thing we should take care for, is, how to get Victuals. What 's that? *They whistle.*

Doll. Nothing but the Rats and Mice.

Y. Simpl. As sure as I live, I 'll lay a trap for those Rats. But what 's the matter now? *They hem.*

Doll. Nothing but the Neighbours Dogs.

Y. Simpl. 'Tis a thousand pities but such Curs were hang'd up presently. *Exit Simpl.*

Doll. Oh Gentlemen, I would you were out of the House; for I am afraid he will return again ere I can handsomely shut the door. *Y. Simpl.*

T. Simpl. within. VVhy *Doll, Doll!*

Doll. Come ye behind me presently; I pray dispatch.

Enter Young Simpleton.

T. Simpl. Doll, I have considered, that to set up my Trade is the way to get Victuals; and I want nothing of my Tools, but onely a pair of Bellows.

Doll. Fear not, Husband, I have a little money that you know not of; and if I can but hear of a good bargain, I will not fail to buy a pair of Bellows.

T. Simpl. Oh thou pretty loving kinde Pigsnie! but what makes thee wear thy Coats of that fashion?

She spreads her Coats.

Doll. Do not you know, Husband, it is the fashion for new-married VVives?

T. Simpl. Is it so? it is an excellent fashion in the Summer-time: but I 'll go out, and return presently.

Exit T. Simpl.

Doll. VVhat will you do? 'tis ten to one he spies you, and then my reputation runs a hazard.

1 *Gent.* Appoint what way you will, we are contented.

Doll. I see him coming back; and truth to say, the course I shall advise, will seem a strange one, yet it must be; you know he did appoint that I should buy for him a pair of Bellows; now if you two can beat it lustily, and blow it strongly, this visit may be kept off from his knowledge.

1 *Gent.* Nay, any thing, good *Doll*; we cannot now be chusers.

Doll. So, lie down: I 'll fetch a Chafingdish of Charcoal hither, and practise you a while before he come.

Exit Doll.

1 *Gent.* I have plaid many a mad prank in my Life, yet ne'er till now acted a pair of Bellows.

Enter

Enter Doll. *She practiſes the bow.*

Doll. So, ſo, blow luſtily, and fear not.

Enter Young Simpleton.

Y. Simpl. VVife, I have conſidered with my ſelf, that if we lay out all the mony in a pair of Bellows, we ſhould have little or nothing left to buy Victuals.

Doll. Oh Husband, you are deceived; for I have bought you a pair of Bellows, the whole Town ſhews not a neater.

Y. Simpl. Is this a pair of Bellows? let me ſee, this is an *a-la-moda* pair of Bellows. But look you, *Doll*, when the Bellows-mender comes by, let him ſtop this hole here; for the winde comes out abominably. I 'll call my Father *Simpleton* to ſee this pair of Bellows. Father, father, come hither.

Enter Old Simpleton.

Y. Simpl. Did you ever ſee ſuch a pair of Bellows as my VVife has bought?

O. Simpl. A pair a Bellows, Son! Me-thinks this would ſerve better for an Anvil: Let 's try how it will bear our ſtroaks.

Y. Simpl. VVell, a match.

Exeunt.

The Humour of Bumpkin.

Argument needleſs,
It being a Thorow Farce, very well known.

Actors Names.
Albion, three Huntſmen, Bumpkin, three Country Wenches.

Enter firſt Huntſman and Bumkin.

1 *Hunt.* WHy, what's the matter?

Bumpkin. Nay, I know not: but every day my great Guts and my ſmall Guts make ſuch a Combuſtion in my Belly as paſſes, and my Puddings (like Lances) run a-tilt at my heart; and make me as queaſie-ſtomacht as a young Green-ſickneſs Girl newly come to a Big-belly.

1 *Hunt.* Canſt thou not gueſs the reaſon of this trouble?

Bump. Yes, I think I can, and I 'll be judged by thee, if my caſe be not deſperate; I have a horrible minde to be in love.

1 *Hunt.* VVith whom?

Bump. VVith any body; but I cannot finde out the way how to be in Love.

1 *Hunt.* VVhy? I 'll inſtruct thee: Canſt thou be melancholy?

Bump. Yes, as a Dog, or a Hog-louſe: I could even finde in my heart to cry preſently.

1 *Hunt.*

1 *Hunt.* Canſt thou ſleep well?

Bump. I cannot tell, I never ſaw my ſelf ſleep.

1 *Hunt.* Is 't poſſible, that thou who haſt ſo long been an attendant upon my Lord *Acteon*, ſhouldſt be to learn the way to be in love?

Bump. I would it were not poſſible, on the condition thou wert hanged and quartered.

1 *Hunt.* I thank you, Sir. But *Bumpkin*, liſt to me;
This day thou know'ſt the Maids and Young-men meet
To ſport, and revel it about the May-pole;
Preſent thy ſelf there; tell thy cauſe of grief;
And I dare warrant thee a Sweet-heart preſently.

Bump. If thou canſt do that, I 'll marry her firſt, and learn to love her afterwards.

1 *Hunt.* Haſte thither, *Bumpkin*; I 'll go on before. *Exit.*

Bump. And I will follow thee a Dog-trot.
Is it not pity, that a Man of Authority as I am, having been chief Dog-keeper to my Lord *Acteon* this five years, being a Man ſo comely of perſon, and having ſuch a pure Complexion, that all fair Ladies may be aſhamed to look on me, and that I ſhould be diſtreſſed for a Sweet-heart? May-pole, I come;
And if the Wenches there encreaſe my pains,
And ſcorn to love, I 'll beat out all their brains. *Exit.*

Enter Huntſmen with three Country Wenches.

2 *Co. Wench.* Is it poſſible, would *Bumpkin* be in love?

1 *Hunt.* Yes, if he knew but how; and for that ſickneſs I have undertaken to become his Doctor:
For, at the May-pole-meeting 'tis decreed,
A Sweet-heart muſt be purchaſt, come what will on 't.

3 *Co. Wench.* Nay, if he be diſtreſſed, twenty to one he may finde charitable Perſons there.

Come, ſtrike up a Farewel to Misfortune.

Enter

Enter Bumpkin.

Bump. That is a Dance that I could never hit of: pray desist a while, and hear my doleful Tale.

1 *Co. Wench.* He 'll make us cry sure.

Bump. Be it known unto all men by these presents.

2 *Co. Wench.* An Obligation? we will be no witnesses.

Bump. Why then I 'll hang my self.

3 *Co. Wench.* We will be witness then.

Bump. What, to my hanging? O' my Conscience, if I should woo my heart out, I should never be the fatter for it. ——— Where's your promise now?

1 *Hum.* You have not yet exprest your self; be plain; tell them your grief, a remedy will follow.

Bump. If that be all, 'tis but a easie matter; pray take notice that I am in love ——— with some body.

2 *Co. Wench.* Would I were she!

Bump. Why? so you are, if you have a minde to it.

2 *Co. Wench.* Why then you are my own.

3 *Co. Wench.* Pardon me, Sister, I bespake him yesterday. *They all hang about him.*

Bump. Yes marry did she. *Goes to her.*

1 *Co. Wench.* But I was she that won him at the May-pole.

2 *Co. Wench.* Was that the cause you strove so for the Garland?

Bump. What 's that to you? *Goes to her.* Would I had any one of them in quietness.

3 *Co. Wench.* But yet I must have share.

1 *Co. Wench.* So must I too. *All pull him.*

2 *Co. Wench.* I will not part without the better half.

Bump. Then who shall have me whole? what, are you mad?

3 *Co. Wench.* There 's reason for a madness in this case.

1 *Co. Wench.* I will not loose my right: Let go, I say.

2 *Co. Wench.*

2 *Co. VVench.* He shall be mine, or else he shall be nothing.

Bumpkin.

Away you Burrs, why do you stick thus on me?
Now by this hand, if nothing can perswade you,
I 'll drown my self for spight, that you may perish.
(Horn.)

1 *Hunt.* Hark, hark, my Lord *Actæons* warning-piece;
That Horn gives us intelligence he does intend
To spend this day in hunting: *Bumpkin*, why stay you?
The hounds will quarrel with you: we'll come after.

1 *Co. VVench.* Will you not stay, my Love?

Bump. I 'll see you hang'd first; and by this hand ere I will be in love again, I will feed my hounds with my own proper carcase. *Exit.*

2 *Co. VVench.* Now he is gone, our dancing may go forward.

2 *Hunt.* My Lord *Actæon* stays; be quick, I pray.

3 *Co. VVench.* Quick as you will; the doing of it quick, makes it shew the better. *A Country Dance. Then Exeunt.*

Enter Actæon and Bumpkin.

Actæon. Be nimble, Sirrah.

Bump. Nimble? yes, as a Bear that hath been lug'd to purpose: if *Love* be such a troublesome Companion, I will entreat him to keep out of my company.

Actæon. VVe consume the day.

Bump. They have saved me a labour.

Actæon. Fie, what mean you?
The glory of this day calls us to action.

1 *Hunt.* Sir, you may please to know, that yesternight I lodged a Boar within the neighbouring Forest.

Bump. Yes, Sir, and I lodged a Fox at a house hard by.

The

The Humours of Simpkin.

A continued Farce.

Actors Names.

Simpkin, a Clown: Bluſter, a Roarer: an old Man: his Wife: a Servant.

Enter the Wife, Simpkin following.

Wife. BLind *Cupid* hath made my heart for to bleed:
Fa la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Simp. But I know a man can help you at need:
With a fa la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Wife. My husband he often a hunting goes out:
Fa la, la, *&c.*
Simp. And brings home a great pair of horns, there's no (doubt:
With a fa la, la, la, *&c.*
Wife. How is't, Monſieur *Simpkin*? why are you ſo (ſad?
Fa la, la, la, *&c.*
Simp. I am up to the ears in love, and it makes me ſtark (mad:
With a fa la, la, la, *&c.*
I am vext, I am tortur'd, and troubled at heart:
Fa la, la, *&c.*
Wife. But I 'll try my skill to take off your ſmart:
With a fa la, la, *&c.*
And on that condition I give you a kiſs:
Fa la, la, *&c.*
Simp. But what ſays your husband when he hears of this?
With a fa la, la, *&c.* *Wife.*

Wife. You know my affections, and no one knows more:
Fa, la, la, &c. *Knock within.*
Simp. 'Uds niggers noggers who knocks at the door?
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Enter Servant. *The Tune alters.*

Serv. There is a Royſter at the Door,
he ſeems a Fellow ſtout.
Simp. I do beſeech you, worthy Friend,
which is the back-way out?
Serv. He ſwears and tears he will come in,
and nothing ſhall him hinder. *Exit Servant.*
Simp. I fear he 'll ſtrip me out my skin,
and burn it into Tinder.
Wife. I have conſider'd of a way,
and 'twill be ſure the beſt.
Simp. What may it be, my deareſt Dear?
Wife. Creep into this ſame Cheſt. *A Cheſt ſet out.*
And though he roar, ſpeak you no word,
if you 'll preſerve my favour.
Simp. Shut to the Cheſt, I pray, with ſpeed;
for ſomething has ſome ſavour.

Enter Bluſter.

Bluſt. I never ſhall be quiet if
ſhe uſe me in this faſhion.
Wife. I am here to bid you welcome;
what mean you by this paſſion?
Bluſt. With ſome young ſweet-fac'd Fellow,
I thought gone out you were.
Simp. in the Cheſt. No ſooth, the ſweet-fac'd Fellow
is kept a Priſoner here.
Bluſt. Where is the Fool thy Husband?
ſay, whither is he gone?
Wife. The Wittal is a hunting.
Bluſt. Then we two are alone.

But should he come, and finde me here,
what might the Cuckold think?
Perhaps he 'd call the Neighbours in.
Simp. And beat you till you stink.
Bluff. Yet in the bloody War full oft,
my courage I did try.
Wife. I know you have kill'd many a man.
Simp. You lye, you Slut, you lye.
Bluff. I never came before a Foe,
By night nor yet by day,
But that I stoutly rouz'd my self.
Simp. And nimbly ran away.
Bluff. Within this Cheft I 'll hide my self,
if it chance he should come.
Wife. O no, my Love, that cannot be.
Simp. I have bespoke the room.
Wife. I have a place behinde here,
which yet is known to no man.
Simp. She has a place before too,
but that is all too common.
Old Man within.
Old Man. Wife, wherefore is the door thus barr'd?
what mean you, pray, by this?
Wife. Alas, it is my Husband.
Simp. I laugh now till I pisse.
Bluff. Open the Cheft, I 'll into it,
my Life else it may cost.
Wife. Alas, I cannot open it.
Simp. I believe the Key is lost.
Wife. I have bethought my self
upon a dainty trick.
Bluff. What may it be, my deareft Love?
I prethee now be quick.
Wife. You must say that your Enemy
into this house is fled;
And that your heart can take no rest
until that he be dead.

Draw

Draw quickly out your furious Blade,
and seem to make a ſtrife:
Swear all th' excuſes can be made,
ſhall not preſerve his Life.
Say that the Rogue is fled in here,
that ſtole away your Coin;
And if I 'll not deliver him,
you 'll have as much of mine.
Bluſt. Here 's no man but my ſelf,
on whom ſhall I complain?
VVife. This great fool does not underſtand;
this thing you muſt but feign.
My husband thus muſt be deceiv'd,
and afterwards we 'll laugh.

Enter Old Man.

Old Man. Wife, ſince you will not ope the Door,
I'll break't ope with my ſtaff.
Bluſt. Good woman ſhew me to the Slave,
his limbs I ſtrait will tear.
VVife. By all the honeſty I have,
there's no man came in here.
Bluſt. VVhen I have fought to purchaſe wealth,
and with my blood did win it,
This Rogue has got my purſe by ſtealth.
Simp. But never a peny in it.
Old Man. She 's big with Childe, therefore take heed
you do not fright my wife.
Bluſt. But know you who the Father is?
Simp. The Roarer, on my Life.
Old Man. She knows not of your enemy,
then get you gone you were beſt.
VVife. Peace, husband, peace; I tell you true,
I have hid him in the Cheſt.
Old Man. I am glad on't at my heart,
but do not tell him ſo.

Wife. I would not for a thousand pound
the Roarer should it know.
Blust. When next we meet, his life is gone,
no other must he hope;
I'll kill him whatsoere comes on't.
Simp. Pray think upon a Rope.
Old Man. What kinde of person is it then,
that in the Chest doth lie?
Wife. A goodly handsome sweet young man,
as ere was seen with eye.
Old Man. Then let us both entreat of him———
Pray put us not in fear:
We do beseech you go from hence.
Blust. But to morrow I'll be here. *Exit Blust.*
Old Man. Wife, run with all the speed you can,
and quickly shut the door;
I would not that the roaring Man
should come in any more.
Mean time I will release the youth,
and tell him how we have sped———
Be comforted my honest friend. *Simpkin comes forth.*
Simp. Alas, I'm almost dead.
My heart is tortur'd in my breast,
with sorrow, fear and pain.
Old Man. I'll fetch some *Aqua vitæ*,
to comfort you again.
Simp. And 'cause I will requite you,
whose love doth so excel,
I'll graft a pair of horns on your head,
that may defend it well.
Wife. Good husband, let the man stay here,
'tis dangerous in the street.
Old Man. I would not for a Crown of Gold
the Roarer should him meet.
For should he come by any harm,
they'd say the fault were mine. *Wife.*

Wife to Simp. There's half a crown, pray send him out
to fetch a quart of wine.
Simp. There's money for you, Sir, ——
pray fetch a quart of Sack.
Old Man. 'Tis well, 'tis well, my honest friend,
I 'll see you shall not lack.
Wife. But if he should dishonest me,
for there are such slippery men.
Old Man. Then he gets not of his half crown,
one peny back agen. *Exit.*
Simp. Thy husband being gone, my Love,
we 'll sing we 'll dance and laugh:
I am sure he 's a good fellow,
and takes delight to quaff.
Wife. I 'll fold thee in my arms, my Love,
no matter for his listning.
The old man and his servant listen.
Simpl. Gentlemen, some forty weeks hence
you may come to a Christning.
Old Man. O Sirrah, have I caught you?
now do the best you can;
Your School-master ne'er taught you
to wrong an honest man.
Simp. Good Sir, I never went to school,
then why am I abused?
The truth is, I am but a Fool,
and like a Fool am used.
Old Man. Yet Sirrah you had wit enough
to think to Cuckold me.
Wife. I jested with him, husband,
his knavery to see.
Simp. But now you talk of knavery,
I pray where is my sack?
Old Man. You shall want it in your belly, Sir,
and have it on your back. *They beat him off. Exeunt.*

The Humour of Hobbinal.

Argument is needleſs,
Onely the Drollery taken out.

Actors Names.

Hobbinal, Dorilas, Strephon, Oenone, & two or three Nymphs.

Enter Dorilas, Strephon ſpying Hobbinal reading.

Dor. WHat Paper is that he ruminates upon? Let us obſerve a little.

Hob. 'Tis a ſtrange thing I finde my ſelf out every day more then other, to be one of the underſtanding'ſt, ſweeteſt, neateſt, and compleateſt Shepherds that ever took hook in hand. T'other day I ſaw my face in a pail of water, and I had much ado to forbear drowing of my ſelf. 'Tis no wonder then, that the beauteous Nymph *Oenone* makes much of me, and lets all the other Shepherds ſhake their Ears like Aſſes: and the truth is, if I can finde never a handſomer, ſhe ſhall ſerve the turn. This was her birth-day, ſhe being born in the year —— one thouſand ſix hundred, —— nay hold a little: but on this day of the moneth it was, VVinter or Summer, in the honour of which we all keep holiday: and therefore for the credit of her beauty, and the honour of my own Poetry, I have made ſuch a Copy of Verſes on her, as will make her a thouſand times handſomer then ever ſhe was in her Life.

I will peruſe them now with the eyes of underſtanding. *He reads,*

OEnone fair, whoſe beauty does enrich us,
Tell me the cauſe why thou doſt ſo bewitch us.
On this day thou wert born, though not begotten;
This day I'll think on when thou art dead and rotten.
And though thy coyneſs, and thy pretty ſcorn,
Makes many wiſh that thou hadſt ne'er been born;
Yet for my own part, this I'll ſwear and ſay,
I wiſh thy time of birth were every day.

If ſhe do not run mad for love of me now, 'tis pity ſhe ſhould have Verſes made on her as long as ſhe lives.

Streph. Let's interrupt him. —— *Hobbinal*, well met.

Hob. It may be ſo.

Dor. But why ſo ſtrange, man? I hope you will remember we are your fellow-Shepherds.

Hob. You were once: but now I command you to know, I am a Maſter-Shepherd; for the fair Nymph *Oenone*, that makes all your mouths run over with water, does acknowledge me to be both Maſter and Miſtreſs.

Streph. In part 'tis true: yet if you well conſider, ſhe makes you but her ſport; no otherwiſe.

Hob. If ſhe make me her ſport, 'tis more then ever ſhe can make of thee: for thou art one of the ſowreſt lookt fellows that ever crept out of a Vinegar-bottle.

Enter Oenone.

Dor. Here comes the faireſt *Idue* ever nouriſht.

Hob. Now will I ſee who is the moſt deſerving Shepherd in all the Vale of *Idue*. —— Little Rogue, how doſt thou?

Oenone. O *Hobbinal*, you are welcome; I thought you had forgot me: you are my ſport, and ſhould be ever near me.

Hob. Look you there, I am her ſport, ſhe ſays: when will ſhe give any of you ſuch an honourable Title? but *Sport*, I do not think but thou art a Conjurer, or a VVitch, or a Devil at leaſt: for thou haſt infuſed ſuch a combuſtion of Poetry in my head, that I fear I ſhall never be my own Man agen, nor my Maſter's neither.—— There's a Copy of Verſes, read 'em: nay, they are my own, as ſure as my name's *Hobbinal.*

Oenone. I thank you, *Sport*: I 'll ſtudy a requital.

Dor. Honour me with your fair hand, Nymph, that I may lead the way to all thoſe paſtimes which will follow.

Oenone. The honour is to me, and I accept it.

Hob. I 'd laugh at that: no, *Sport*, I 'll dance with thee my ſelf.

Oenone. Some other time by chance I may be at leiſure.

Hob. VVill you not? VVell, by this hand then I 'll ſtand out, and laugh at every thing you do, right or wrong. *A Dance.*

Pſhaw waw, this dancing is like my Mothers Mares trot: *Sport*, ſhall I ſhew thee a Dance of my own faſhion?

Oenone. It cannot but content.

Hob. Nay, I know that: hark hither, Lads. *Ex. Hob. Str.*

Hobbinal and the ſhepherds dance a Morris.

Hob. How like you this *Sport*?

Oenone. Beyond Expreſſion, *Sport*: I ſee your Vertues were concealed too long.

Hob. I, ſo they were; but I mean to ſhew them every day as faſt as I can. But Sirrah, *Sport*, yonder's god *Pan* with a company of the braveſt Satyrs that ever wore horns on their heads: come, Shepherds, let's go make them drunk, and ſaw off all their horns. *Exeunt.*

The

The Humour of *John Swabber.*

Argument needleſs,
It being an ancient Farce, and generally known.

Actors Names.
Franciſco and Gerard, John Swabber, Cutbeard a Barber, Parnel, Swabber's wife, and two or three Neighbours wives.

Enter Franciſco and Gerard.

Fran. HEreabout I am to meet this *Hercules*; and ſee, he 's come.

Enter John Swabber *armed with ſeveral ridiculous Weapons.*

Well, *John*, I ſee you are prepar'd for murder: have mercy on the Barber, I ſay.

Swab. No, I ſcorn it; I will have no mercy: he has made a whore of a wondrous honeſt woman; and a Cuckold of one, that for ought I know, might have been a Courtier. For which abominable deed, I ſcorn to ſhew my ſelf a Chriſtian; for I do mean to uſe him worſe then a Jew would.

Fran. Nay, but conſider, he's a man howe'er, and you can boaſt your ſelf to be no more, although you have the ſpirit of a Giant: you have brought weapons here, as if you meant to kill him twenty times. Troth 'tis too much.

Swab. If I bate him an Ace of forty, call me Cox-

comb:

comb: I will draw his teeth one by one, with an instrument called a pair of Tongs, then let him blood in the sight vein, and bid the Devil take him at his own peril.

Fran. Let me prevail with thee to calm thy rage, and take acquaintance of this Gentleman, a worthy friend of mine.

Swab. Do you long to be acquainted with me, Sir?

Ger. By any means, Sir.

Swab. 'Tis granted then: I 'll toss a Can or a Pot with you as soon as I have dispatcht this bawdy Barber; would he were dead, that my business might be over.

Ger. What 's your profession, Sir? and how may I call you?

Swab. I am a Sea-man, Sir, my name 's *John Swabber*:—an Officer of the Ship, Sir.

Ger. I cry you mercy, Sir.

Swab. Nay, never cry for the matter.— But I had forgot this Barber all this while. Barber, come forth, or by the beard of my great Grandfather, I swear, I will so shashado, mashado, pashado, and carbinado thee, that thou shalt look like a Gallimafry all the days of thy Life. Come forth, I say.

Cutbeard within. Why Neighbour *Swabber*, who provokes you thus? what do you mean? who has offended you?

Swab. O Slave of all Slaves! who has offended me? why thou base, beastly, boisterous, Babylonian, bawdy-fac'd Barber, thou hast: thou hast made me fit to chew the cud with Oxen, climb the mountains with wild Goats, and keep company with none but Ram-headed people: for which I will tie thee up on the next Signe-post, and there thou shalt hang a twelvemoneth and a day alive, for an example to all such notable shavers; but if thou comest and submittest to my mercy, I will do thee the favour to let thee hang till thou be dead.

Ger.

Ger. Franciſco, hark: — I'll pawn my Life this fellow is a rank Coward: keep you his fury up, and I'll perſwade the Barber to a greater vein of roaring then ere was practiſed by a ſuburb-Blade: I'll make him at the leaſt ſeem valiant; fear not. *Exit.*

Fran. Do, if it be poſſible; I'll hold him in diſcourſe. —But, Mr. *Swabber*, what think you if he does compound with you? will you be won to take an arm or two, or both his legs, and ſave his other members?

Swab. Piſh, tell not me, 'tis neither his arms nor his legs that I ſtand upon; he has cauſed me to go in danger of my Life: for the other day I had an occaſion to paſs by a worſhipful Gentleman's pack of Hounds, they no ſooner looked upon my forehead, but they came at me in full cry; and I for fear left ſuch a ſent behind me, that they came after me as perfectly by it, as if I had been a Stagg; and if I had not got ſhelter of a houſe, without doubt I had been preſented to ſome great man for Veniſon, and my Hanches had been baked by this time.

Fran. You were in danger there, I muſt confeſs.

Swab. And the Butchers Dogs ſtill take me for a Bull, and fetch ſuch courſes at me; and all this the Barber is the cauſe of.

Fran. I would revenge it: were I as you, he ſhould not have a tool left him to work with.

Swab. No, nor to play with neither: I will have an inch of every tool he has.—Barber, come forth, and let me kill thee upon fair terms; or elſe I mill enter thy houſe by force, pitch thee down the ſtairs, and ſend thee of an Errand headlong: and if thou doſt ſubmit to my mercy, I will ſhave thee to death with thy own Raſor: therefore take heed.—So, now let him come if he dare.

Enter Gerard.

Ger. VVell, now I ſee there is no hope to appeaſe him:

him: blood must ensue, and death will take its course.

Swab. VVith whom? what 's the matter?

Ger. The Barber is preparing for the combat: he has took his pole to serve him for a lance, and one of his basons for a buckler, and vows to make you the wind-mill, whilst he plays *Don Quixot* against you furiously.

Swab. A wind-mill! ——— I 'll be gone.

Fran. You will not offer that, sure. VVhat afraid?

Swab. VVould it not make any one tremble with the thought on't, first to be made a Cuckold, then a wind-mill? No, I will be gone, and come agen to kill him when I can finde him in a better humour.

Fran. Consider what you do; he 'll call you Coward, proclaim you Cuckold still in every Ale-house; and what disgrace will that be?

Swab. I care not: 'tis better to be a Cuckold then a wind-mill. If he had meant to make a Fool, a Puppy, or an Asse of me, or any such Christian-like Creature, 'twere another matter: but to be made a wind-mill of, and never to be respected but when the wind blows, is not to be endured: therefore let him make wind-mills of my weapons, if he will; for my own part, I will defend my self with my heels. *Throws down his weapons.*

Ger. Come, I have brought him to a better temper: he will come armed with nothing but a Razor; with which if he does slit your wezand-pipe, it will not be amiss to take it patiently.

Swab. Let him not spoile my drinking, and I care not: but hark you, if you should let him hurt me, I should be as angry as a Tygre.

Enter Cutbeard with a Razor.

Cut. VVhere is this Slave that has provoked my rage to his destruction? I will swinge this Boor, then hang him up for Bacon in my chimney, and send him to be broyled for *Pluto*'s breakfast.

Swab.

Swab. VVhy this is worse then to be made a windmill. Do you hear, Sir? if ever you had the fit of an Ague upon you, or ever knew the trembling of a Man troubled in Conscience, that would be loath to die till he had made even with all the world, consider me. Alas, Sir, I have my Rent to pay yet; and if I should be sent to Hell of an Errand, they 'll like my company so well, I should never come back agen: pray perswade him to send me to *Jerusalem*, *Jericho*, or any of those places nearer hand.

Fran. VVhy, canst not thou excuse thy self? where 's thy brains?

Swab. Alas, my brains are fallen into my breeches; but if you 'll stand between me and harm, I 'll venture to reconcile my self to him.—*Cut.*—honest *Cutbeard*, didst not thou think I was in earnest all this while?

Cut. VVhatere thou wert, thou shalt be nothing presently: Death waits for thee: come quickly, I command thee.

Swab. Sir, pray perswade Mr. *Death* to have patience for a matter of 40 or 50 years more: for I have a great deal of business to do in this world yet.

Cut. Shall I be dallied with? let me approach him: for all the intreaties of the world shall not preserve him past six minutes.

Swab. One minute is past already,—and there 's two.

Fran. Nay, prethee *Cutbeard* be more merciful.

Swab. Three—four—five.

Ger. VVill no entreaty serve? Then take your course.

Swab. Six. O now I am gone.

Cut. If he submit, he may live: let him know it.—Dost thou acknowledge thy own Cowardize, and my heroick Valour?

Swab. O mighty *Hercules*, I confess my self a *Pigmy*, and

and I will never think otherwise while I live, these Gentlemen be my witnesses.

Ger. VVhy then all is well again.—— Remember, *Cutbeard.*

Cut. I 'll spice him, fear not. —— Give me thy hand, *Jack:* Thus do I grasp thy friendship.

Swab. He grasps my hand devillish hard tho.

Cut. I here pronounce thy wife to be a *Venus.*

Swab. O rare! is my wife a *Venus?* That 's more then ever I knew before: why then I will be her husband *Cupid.*

Fran. No, *Cupid* was her Son.

Swab. 'Tis no matter for that, he shall be her husband for once; and we two will get such abundance of young *Cupids*, that we 'll make all the world in love with one another.

Cut. Since we are reconciled, know, honest *Swabber*, that I will make the whole world dote on thee: I 'll wash thy face, and powder thee to the purpose, and shave thee if thou wilt too.

Swab. No, by no means: I dare not venture my throat under thy Fingers: but for washing and powdring, that all the world may be in love with me, I am content.

Cut. Sit down then in this Chair, look on this powder, the snow is nothing to it; 'twill create such a complexion on thee, that no Art did ever set upon the proudest Lady.

Swab. But hark you, *Cutbeard*, how shall I do to satisfie all the women that will follow me for kisses? if you make me too beautiful, my lips will be worn threadbare before I can get home; and then *Parnel* my own dear wife, will have the least share of her own sweet husband.

Cut. For that we 'll take a course——wink, wink, good *Jack*; my Ball will search your eyes else.

Swab.

Swab. My eyes are honeſt, and fear no ſearching.

Changes the Powder, and blacks his face all over.

Cut. Now I begin to ſpruciſie thy phiſnomy:——This powder was extracted from the Phœnix, when ſhe laſt burnt her ſelf, and is indeed the quinteſſence of odours.

Swab. Nay, 'tis as odious as ever I ſmelt, that is certain: good *Cutbeard*, let me have enough, I prethee.

Cut. Nay, I will ſpare no coſt:——Judge, Gentlemen, is he not ſtrangely altered?

Ger. Paſt belief: I would not that my Miſtreſs ſaw him now, my hopes would ſoon be cooled then.

Swab. I think ſo: but I would have you to take notice, I will have nothing to do but with great perſonages; for I muſt not make my ſelf common.

Fran. VVhat this fellow will come to, no man knows yet; his fame no doubt will travel over all Countries, and I am fully reſolved in my Opinion, the Queen of *Mauritania* will run mad for him.

Swab. If ſhe run as mad as a March-Hare, ſhe gets not a bit: no, *Parnel* and my Neighbours ſhall have all.

Cut. Now if the Painters will draw *Adonis* out, let them come here for Copies. So, I have done.

Swab. Prethee *Cutbeard*, lend me a Looking-glaſs.

Cut. By no means: what, did you never hear of one *Narciſſus*; how he pined away for love of his own ſhadow? No, go home, your houſe is hard by; let *Parnel* ſee you, and bleſs her ſelf with wonder.

Swab. Honeſt *Cutbeard*, this Gentleman is a worthy friend of mine; prethee beſtow ſome of the ſame powder upon his face.

Fran. No, no, you ſhall be beautiful alone; 'tis beſt.

Swab. *Parnel*, I come; and if thou beeſt not ſtupid, Thou 'lt ſay *Jack Swabber* is a kin to *Cupid*.

Exit.

Ger. VVell, *Cutbeard*, thou haſt dreſt him handſomely:

somely: I would give a Crown that I were by when first he finds what beauty he is adorned withal.

Cut. This day I am to meet with pretty *Parnel*; pray Heaven the Fool be absent when I come: some two hours hence, if you will meet me, Gentlemen, I will tell you how he takes his transmigration.

Eran. We will not fail. Farewel. *Exeunt.*

Enter Parnel.

Parn. I wonder that my Barber stays thus long: can he neglect me thus? Well, I will fit him; for if he use me once agen thus basely, I will cashier him, and bestow my love upon some one more constant: forty to one but *Swabber* comes before him, and spoils all.

Enter Swabber very stately.

Who's this, in the name of blackness? the cloaths and walk of my dear husband, and I will lay my life he has got a Vizard on. ——— Nay pray now, indeed you 'll fright me presently; take heed.

Swab. She does not know me, that's excellent. ——— *Parnel*, believe it, I am flesh and blood; I would not have thee take me for a Goddess.

Parn. A Goddess, quotha! a black one, if you be one: what hast thou got upon thy face, I prethee?

Swab. Do not look too wistfully upon me, *Parnel*; my beauty will put your eyes out if you do, and then I must be at the charge of a Dog and a Bell for you.

Parn. A Dog and a fools head! pull off your Vizard.

Swab. Do not touch me, unless you make forty curtsies first. Come, kiss me, and thou wilt be out of thy wits presently.

Parn. Nay, then I see 'tis a trick put upon him; I 'll fetch you a glass, you shall behold your beauty.

Exit.

Swab. Do, and I will venture to be in love with my self for once. How shall I require honest *Cutbeard*?

By

By this hand he shall have the honour to be Barber to all my Wenches.

Enter Parnel with a Glass.

Parn. Are you not wondrous fair? Look and admire your self.

Swab. O *Parnel*, *Parnel*, I am gull'd most basely; I have not half so much beauty as a Chimney-sweeper: I will kill the Barber the first thing I do.

Parn. Was it the Barber used thee thus?

Swab. I, *Parnel*, 'twas he: I'll go fetch a company of my Fellow-saylors, drag him out, and hang him up at the main-Yard presently. *Parnel*, farewel: if I be apprehended for the death of *Cutbeard*, whatever thou dost, send me a clean shirt; for I shall have need on't.

Exit.

Parn. Well *Cutbeard*, I commend thee for this project; thou hast drest him handsomely: would thou were here, I would kiss thee for the Jests sake.

Enter Cutbeard.

Oh are you come, Sir?

Cut. I watche the time, my *Parnel*, and have found it: how does the Gull become his feathers?

Parn. As I would have him. Oh *Cutbeard*, this Kiss, and this, for the device.

Cut. Where is he, *Parnel*?

Parn. Why gone abroad in his new-fashion'd face, to fetch a gang of Saylors, who he vows shall hang thee up at the main-Yard, and shall use thee worse then the Prentices a Suburb-bawd on a *Shrove-tuesday*.

Cut. And those same Water-rats are devillish things: what a Slave was I to use him so?

Parn. What canst thou fear when I am in thy presence? Aways you Milk-sops hence from me I say.

Cut. Nay, gentle *Parnel*, by this hand I will fight with a whole Army if thou sayst the word: prethee be reconciled.

Swab. within. Why *Parnel, Parnel!* here 's thy own sweet husband; open the door, dear Wife.

Parn. O me, my husband 's come; what shall I do?

Cut. Let me into the Well, if thou thinkest good; or hang me in the Chimney 'stead of Bacon.

Parn. Alas, that 's full of hazard:---No device!

Swab. within. Why huswife, huswife, must I wait half a day?

Parn. My Peticoat 's fain off; but I come presently.---Oh I have thought, come hither, put on this Biggin, I made it for my Childe that is at Nurse, and cram thy self into this Cradle here: there is no other way, therefore dispatch.

Cut. O me! thou never thinkest upon my beard; that will betray all presently. *A cradle set forth.*

Parn. Take you no care, I'll make him to believe you were born with it; be quick, I say.

Cut. Necessity compels me: send me off of this braue once, I 'll hunt the smock no more.---Cover me close, good *Parnel.*

Parn. So, keep you close; and when he prattles to you, sneere in his face, and call him *Dad*; do you hear? *Parnel lets him in. Enter Swabber.*

Swab. Why you proud, peevish, petty, paltry *Parnel*, why did you make me stay so long?

Parn. I made what haste I could, but the Childe cryed so.

Swab. The Childe? what Childe? Have you got Bastards here?

Parn. Bastards? they are your own then; *Simon* 's come home, the Boy I had a twelvemonth since by you: he was born when you were at Sea.

Swab. Is he brought home? As I am an honest man I am glad on't. Let me see him, *Parnel.*

Parn. Look here he is; the goodliest Boy, and even

as like thee, *John*, as if thou hadst begot him all thy self.

Swab. Whoop! here's a Boy of a twelvemoneth old: if he grow but thus much this next year, he'll be able to fight with a Giant presently. But *Parnel*, he has got a great beard too, how comes that?

Parn. VVhy he was born with it: many children are so; and 'tis a signe he will be a man betimes; a wise discreet one too.

Cut. Dad, dad, dad!

Swab. Nay, 'tis a wise Childe, I perceive that; for he calls me Dad at first sight. Good *Parnel*, fetch me some Milk for him; I will see him eat.

Parn. He had Milk but just now; prethee, *John*, be patient.

Swab. You are a Fool, he has been starv'd at Nurse, and we must make him fat. Fetch some, I say.

Parn. I will not; truly *John*, you will spoile the Childe.

Swab. I saw some stand in the next room, I will fetch it my self, so I will. *Exit.*

Parn. VVhat will you do? you must endure with patience; I mingled batter but just now for pancakes, and that he'll bring, as certain as I live.

Cut. I shall be cram'd to death: mercy upon me.

Parn. He comes, lie close again.

Enter Swabber with a great Bowl of Batter, and a Ladle.

Cut. Dad, dad, dad!

Swab. I, mine own Boy, here's Milk for thee, *Simon*. *Throws it in by Ladles full.* Look, *Parnel*, look how greedily he eats it.

Parn. Now fie upon you, *John*, you will choak the Childe.

Swab. I mean to make him grow as high as *Paul's*, and shew him for a wonder in *Bartholomew* Fayr. Fetch me some Milk, this is all gone.

Parn. What, do you think *I* will murder the poor Infant?

Swab. By this hand *I* will go to the Milk-woman and fetch him a whole gallon. *Exit.*

Parn. Up quickly, and be gone; for when he comes, he will choak you without fail.

Cut. A pox upon him, never was Childe fed thus. But what will you do now?

Parn. Do not you fear; I'll fetch my own Childe; 'tis at a Neighbours house, and say the Fairies have exchang'd it.

Cut. Send thee good luck: Farewel, sweet *Parnel*. *Exit.*

Parnel fetches a little childe, and lays it in the cradle.

Parn. So, if this Childe will serve him for a *Simon*, all will be well agen.

Enter Swabber with more Milk.

He comes.....Oh *John*.

Swab. Come, give me *Simon* on my Lap; I will feed him till his Guts crack agen.

Parn. Alas, *I* went but in the next room, and in the mean time the Fairies have exchanged him; look what a little thing they have left in his place.

Swab. *I* will have none on't: go, fetch me *Simon*; and tell the Fairies *I* will indite them at the Sessions for this. Oh *Simon*, *Simon*, what is become of thee?

Parn. Nay, prethee take not on so.

Swab. The goodliest Boy of his age that ever man saw. Pshaw, this has ne'er a beard; *I* will have none on't.

Enter

Enter Francisco, Gerard, Cutbeard, Neighbours Wives.

Fran. VVhy how now, *Jack?* what, in a passion? Ha, 'twas I that blackt thy face to day for mirth sake, and thou didst think it was *Cutbeard.*

Swab. I care not for my face; *Simon* is gone, that had a beard as big as *Cutbeard's* here: the Fairies have exchanged him, and look what a Chitty-face they have left in his room; a thing of nothing for him.

Ger. Come, you must use this they have left with courtesie, for they will whip *Simon* every day in the week else: I know the nature of them.

Swab. VVill they so? Nay, then I must make much on't.

Fran. And now you must be friends with *Cutbeard* too.

Swab. VVith all my heart; for I am angry with none but the Fairies now.

Ger. VVe have brought Musick, and some Neighbours with us, and mean to have a Dance. Come, *John.*

Swab. I can dance nothing but a melancholy Dance: for I am in a grievous dump for *Simon* still.

Ger. I warrant thee. Strike up there.

A Dance.

Fran. VVhy that 's well done: no time is counted lost,
VVhere civil Mirth is gain'd with such small cost.

Exeunt.

The Humours of Monsieur *Galliard.*

ARGUMENT.

He undertakes with the Foot, to correct State-matters, and teach the Subjects Reverence and Obedience to their King.

Persons Names.

Galliard, Sir William, Mr. Newman, Manly, Lady, Mrs. Luce.

Enter Sir William, Mr. Newman, Monsieur Galliard.

Gall. ME be content to have de litel patience, and be my trot, me tel you, vat me have seen a to day, de fine sport in de Varle: me come into de Great Man to day, me make de reverence Alamode a come ill faut, and he make me de strange a Sir-reverence de tird time, dat ever you saw.

Newm. Oh Monsieur, every Man has not the activity of your feet.

Gall. By my fat, tis very estrange a ding, dat dey vil suffer a des Men to be neere a de King, a de Queene, de Prince, or de Princess, dey vil marra de understanding very mush.

Sir Will. Why Monsieur, that lies at the other end.

Gall. Be gar you shall excuse a me, for de Courtier Alamode dere de vit lie in de foot; be gar dere is no body can be Eiseman, dat does not make a de most excellent

lent reverence, dat is moſt certain, dat is de beſt ting in de hole Varle.

Newm. But do you think *Caſar*, or moſt of the Emperours or Worthies of the world, ſtudied the Liberal Science of the Foot, or puiſſant Toe?

Gar. No; but be gar dat make dem dy all unfortunate: for if dey had tink but de reverence, dey might a live a great a vile.

Newm. I confeſs the wiſdome of it, Sir; but for the wit, do you think that lies there?

Gall. Dat be de beſt vit can be poſſible: for your vit, vat is your vit? Your vit is to break a de jeaſt; vel, look you now a me, me vil break a de jeaſt: Dat is like dat a me Lor, dat is like a de Knight, dat is like dat a de Jentilman: Ha, ha, ha! dere is now one, two, tre very good jeaſt dat make a me ſick wide laugh; and be gar me vil make a de Page, de Lacquey, and all de foole in de Court, break ades very good jeaſt, very quickly, dat is nothing. *Shews ſeveral mimical poſtures.*

Sir Will. To any purpoſe.

Gall. Be my troth me ſpeak a to de King, and to de Queen to give me a Patten, dat none ſhall teach a de Aldermen to make a de Reverence but my ſelf; and me vil undertake dat vit in one tra a mont: but den dey muſt do nothing elſe, dey ſhall make a de Reverence, vit de Aldermen in de *Paris*, and dance a Coran, a Cerebran, a Mountague, and dat vil be very brave.

Newm. But what ſhall buſineſs do in the mean time, Monſieur?

Gall. Is not dis very great a buſineſs? Nay be gar, me vil undertake to de King, and to de Queene, to make a my Lor Maire, de Sheriffe and de Aldermen very fine a mask.

Sir Will. And to write it, Monſieur.

Gall. Aw, de write? dat is noting alamode, your speesh two, tre yard long, pshaw? Give a me de quick a Spirit, de Fancie, de brave Scene, de varietie of de Antimask, de nimble a Foot, no matter de sense, begar it vole be de brave ting in de Christian varle.

Sir Will. There is no question to be made.

Gall. And be my trot, if me have anoder Patten for de Councel learned in de Law, for to teash dem de reverence, dat vil be very great vark; but my diligence and skil in dat matre, have no despair to effect in time dis great benefit, and dat vil make a de Law flouriſh, and *Englan* a brave *Englan* begar.

Sir Will. But what will you look for now for your pains, Monsieur? that is considerable.

Gall. Begar me look for very mush; for 'tis mush pain, and 'tis brave ting: beside, me look for a Statur of de brass in de Palace-yard, ven me go out of dis varle.

Sir Will. You will deserve it as a rare Patriot. But what manner of Reverence would you have the Lawyers to imitate? you must consider their Gravity.

Gall. Observe a me.

Newman. Such a Reverence under your favour would not become.

Gall. Begar you no understand a de matre, vere is your brain? dere is noting in de varle like a dat motion, for de Jentilman, and for de Jentilvoman. *Shews them the Reverence.*

Sir Will. Yes, by your leave, Sir, there is something else that is as good for them.

Gall. I vil tell you now, begar, here is a de Kinsman dat is a me, and he live here very mush time, before he come, dey vent in vid deire Toes, and hold deire Cloak in Stadere, and de Hat so. Fie, a la diable! and now dey valk vid deire Toes out for brave Genty, you call dat a de splay-foot; but me vonder dat de Lady no come,

come, begar me no uſe to dis patience; and de vait: pray tell you Madam dat me have autre buſineſs vid de Lor, and de autre Lady have de uſe of my foot begar.

Newm. Oh Monſieur, by no means: Sir *William*, let us prevail.

Gall. 'Tis no good you hold a me begar: me no ſtay two minutes to ſave a your ſoul, dat is de reſolution of de Cavalier de France. *Exit.*

Sir *Will.* Would any man believe there ſhould be ſo much folly in this Cubit-ſquare?

Newm. Do you think he is a French Dancer? Let that anſwer you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mris. Lucie, Galliard, and Simpleton.

Mris. Lucie. Monſieur *Galliard*, my Lady expects you.

Galliard. Begar me no lik adat reverence, me vill change a dat.

Luce. 'Tis the French Faſhion, as you taught me, Monſieur.

Gall. Ony, 'tis de French Faſhion, but de French Faſhion is always to change, and dis reverence diſpleaſe a me very muſh, becauſe you go back, back vid your buttock, as if ſome vod take you by dat, to vat me vill give a no name.

Simpl. Sweet Mris. *Lucy.*

Gall. Dat de reverence is no good of de man, me muſt change dat too: be me trot me doubt dat dis great buſineſs vill almoſt break a my brain, dis great work, and before a Maſque of de King and de Queen. Me can eat a no meat, no drink, no ſleep, and me grow ſo very a lean vid de Contemplation, a ſo much be my trot de Privie Councel is no ſo muſh troubled as me be vid dis: Oh te Diable! deirs is noting, dey fit all de vile dey do deir

deir buſineſs: me biſſey bote head and de foot cap a pie, in de French tune, and dat is great matre begar.

Mris. Lucy. You eſteem it highly, Monſieur.

Gall. Me tell you, and me tell you no tale, 'Tis great matre to make a de Lor, to make a de Lady, to make a de Jentilman, to make a de Jentilwoman, and de autre man to dance, and to make a de boon reverence, for begar dat vil make a de King de great King in de Varle.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. How can that be, Sir?

Gall. Me tell you, ven dey are ſo biſſey to learn a de dance, dey vill never tinke of de Rebellion, and den de reverence is obedience to Monarchy, and begar obedience is ale de ting in de Varle.

Sir Will. But what Muſick would you govern the people by?

Gall. Begar by de beſt French Fiddles can be got.

Sir Will. What think you of an Iriſh Harp, a State-Organ, or a Paſſionate voice to a Lovers Lute?

Gall. Des dulf tings make a de men melancholique, and den dey tinke on de Devil, and de Treaſon, and do any ting dat is no good; but begat des French Fiddles do fiddle all des tings out of deir head, vid ſuch a jerk as ma foy make a dem ſo phanteſticall, and make a dem as good ſubject as any is in de France, begar. Here be one of my Colliers, Monſieur *Simpleton*, Say you no dat de French Fiddle make a de brave Government in a de Varle?

Simpleton. I ſay any thing becomes a Gentleman.

Gall. Obſerve you dat? he have been but two tree mont, and he ſay any ting dat is brave. He have de grand underſtanding in de foot. Tell a me ven you hear a de ſirrel fiddel vat is your tink? is your head no free from de Treaſon, and de plot of de Rebel as your leg? begat you no ſtand upon de ground for joy of de Coran,

Coran, de Cerebran, de Marqueſs, de Montague, ha! Me be your humble ſervant Madam, and ſtay one two tree hours. *Enter Lady and Lucy.*

Lady. I am now ready for you Monſieur. Come *Lucy*, the practice of the laſt he taught us.

Gall. Wat Antique be dis? *Dance, Monſieur ſinging.* *Enter Manley.*

Simpleton. Monſieur, ask that May-pole and he can dance.

Gall. Plait it Monſieur, a la Galliard de Coran, la Princeſs, le Buckingham, heigh?

Manley. Put up your roſin and your Cats-guts preſently, and be gone, or I ſhall find a grave for you in the pocket of my ſleeve, and this ſhall be your winding ſheet.

Gall. Me no play dat leſſon: Pocket de ſleeve? dat is no tune de France: pocket, le grand pock——Pardonne moy Monſieur: Me put up my Fiddel and be gone. Adieu Madam, Serviteur jentilhommes. Pocket de ſleeve? *offers to ſtrike him* *Exit.*

The

The LANDLADY.

ARGUMENT.

A Gentleman by accident takes a child and brings it to his Lodging; his friend afterward happens to meet with a Lady, the mother of the child (unknown) and brings her to the Lodging, &c.

Perſons names.

Don John, Anthony, Frederick, Duke, Peter, Landlady, the Lady.

Enter Don John and his Landlady with a child.

Landl. NAy ſon,
If this be your regard.

Joh. Good Mother.

Landl. Good me no goods; your Couſin and your ſelf are welcome to me whileſt you bear your ſelves like honeſt and true Gentlemen. Bring hither to my houſe, that hath ever been reputed a Gentlewoman of a decent and fair carriage, and ſo have behaved my ſelf?

Joh. I know ye have.

Landl. Bring hither, as I ſay, to make my houſe ſtink in my neighbors noſtrils, your devices, your Brats got out of Alligant and broken Oaths? your linſey work, your haſty puddings? I foſter up your filch'd iniquities? y'are deceived in me, for I am none of thoſe receivers.

Joh. Have I not ſworn unto you 'tis none of mine, and ſhew'd you how I found it? *Landl.*

Landl. Ye found an easie fool that let you get it: she had better have worn Posterons.

Joh. Will ye hear me?

Landl. Oaths? what do you care for oaths to gain your ends, when you are high and pamper'd? what Saint know ye? or what Religion, but your purpos'd lewdness, is to be looked for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye, ye will then swear like accus'd Cut-purses? as far off truth too: and lie beyond all Faulconers. I'm sick to see this dealing.

Joh. Heaven forbid, Mother.

Landl. Nay, I am very sick.

Joh. Who waits there? *Enter Anthony with wine.*

Anthony. Sir?

Joh. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.

Landl. Exceeding sick, Heaven help me.

Joh. I must ev'n make her drunk. Nay, gentle mother.

Landl. Now fie upon ye.

Joh. Here mother, take a good round draught, 'twill purge spleen from your spirits: deeper, mother.

Landl. I, I, son; you imagine this will mend all.

Joh. All ifaith, mother.

Landl. I confess this wine will do his part.

Joh. I'll pledge you.

Landl. But son *John*, I know your meaning.

Joh. Mother, touch it once more, alas you look not well; take a round draught, it warms the blood well, and restores the colour, and then we'll talk at large.

Landl. A civil Gentleman! a stranger! one that should weigh his fair name! Oh, a stitch.

Joh. There's nothing better for a stitch: good mother make no spare of it, as you love your health: Mistake not the matter.

Landl. As I said, a Gentleman lodge in my house! now

now heaven's my comfort.

Job. I looked for this.

Landl. Where's the infant? come, let's see your workmanship.

Job. None of mine, mother; but there 'tis, and a lusty one.

Landl. Heaven bless thee, thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is, 'tis many a good mans fortune. As I live, your own eys, Seignior, and the nether lip as like ye, as if ye had spit it.

Job. I am glad on't.

Landl. Bless me, what things are these!

Job. I thought my labour was not all lost; 'tis gold, and these are jewels, both rich, and right I hope.

Landl. Well, well, son *John*, I see you are a woodman, and can chuse your Deer though it be i'th' dark; all your discretion is not yet lost, this was well clapt aboard here: I am with you now, when, as they say, your pleasure comes with profit, when you must needs do where ye may be done to; 'tis a wisdom becomes a young man well. Be sure of one thing, loose not your labour and your time together, it seasons of a fool. Son, time is pretious, work wary whilst ye have it. Since ye must traffique sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, Seignior, trade with no broken Merchants; make your lading as you would make your rest, adventurously, and with advantage ever.

Job. All this time, mother, the child wants looking to, meat and Nurse.

Landl. Now blessing o'thy care, it shall have all, and instantly; I'l seek a Nurse my self, son; 'tis a sweet child: Ah my young Spaniard, take you no farther care sir.

Job. Yes, of these jewels I must, by your leave mother, these are yours, to make your care the stronger;

for

for the rest I'll find a master; the gold for bringing up on't, I freely render to your charge.

Landl. No more words, nor no more children (good son) as you love me, this may do well.

Joh. I shall observe your Morals. *Exeunt.*

Enter Peter and Landlady.

Landl. Come, ye do know——

Pet. I do not, by this hand Mistress, but I suspect.

Landl. What?

Pet. That if eggs continue at this price, women will ne'r be sav'd by their good works.

Landl. I will know.

Pet. Ye shall, any thing lies in my power. The Duke of *Lorrain* is now good strong: I heard it of a Fish-wife, a woman of fine knowledge.

Landl. Sirrah, sirrah.

Pet. The Popes Buls are broken loose too, and 'tis suspected they shall be baited in *England.*

Landl. Very well, Sir.

Pet. No, 'tis not so well neither.

Landl. But I say to you, Who is it keeps your Master companie?

Pet. I say to you, *Don John.*

Landl. I say to you, what woman?

Pet. I say so too.

Landl. I say again, I will know.

Pet. I say 'tis fit you should.

Landl. And I tell thee he has a woman here.

Pet. And I tell thee, 'tis then the better for him.

Landl. You are no Bawd now?

Pet. Would I were able to be call'd unto it. A worshipful Vocation for my Elders; for as I understand it is a place fitting my betters far.

Landl.

Landl. Was ever Gentlewoman so frumpt off with a Fool? Well, sawcie sirrah, I will know who it is, and for what purpose. I pay the rent, and I will know how my house comes by these inflammations. If this geer hold, best hang a sign-post up, to tell the Seigniors, here you may have Lewdness at libertie.

Pet. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now? why what's the matter Landlady?

Landl. What's the matter? ye use me decently among ye, Gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her? you sir?

Landl. Ods my witness, I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Pet. I gave her no ill language.

Landl. Thou liest lewdly, thou took'st me up at every word I spoke, as I had been a Mawkin, a Flurt-Gillian: And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read, our noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, sirrah?

Pet. She raves of Wenches, and I know not what, Sir.

Landl. Go to, thou knowest too well, thou wicked Varlet.

Pet. As I live Sir, she is ever thus till dinner.

Fred. Get you in.

Pet. By this hand I'll break your posset-pan. *Exit*

Landl. Then by this hood I'll lock the meat up. *Pet.*

Fred. Now your grief, what is't? for I can ghess.

Landl. Ye may with shame enough, if there were shame amongst ye, nothing thought on but how you may abuse my house; not satisfi'd with bringing home your Bastards to undo me, but you must still your Whores here too? My patience (because I bear and bear, and carry all, and as they say am willing to groan under) must be your Make-sport now.

Fred. No more of these words, nor no more murmurings, Lady; for you know that I know something. I did suspect your anger; but turn it presently, and handsomely, and bear your self discreet to this woman, for such a one there is indeed.

Landl. 'Tis well, son.

Fred. Leaving your Devils Matins, and your Melancholies, or we shall leave our lodgings.

Landl. You have much need to use these vagrant ways, and to much profit: ye had that might content you (at home, within your selves too) right good Gentlemen, wholsom, and ye said handsome. But you gallants, boast that I was to believe you.

Fred. Leave your suspition: for as I live, there's no such thing.

Landl. Mine honour; and 'twere not for mine honour.

Fred. Come, your honour, your house, and you too, if you dare believe me, are well enough. Sleek up your self, leave crying. *Enter Don John.*

Don John. Worshipful Lady, how does thy velvet scabbard? by this hand thou look'st most amiably; now could I willingly, and 'twere not for abusing thy Geneva-Print there, venture my body with thee.

Landl. You will leave this roguery when you come to my years.

Don Joh. By this light, thou art not above fifteen yet, a meer girl; thou hast not half thy teeth ——

Fred. Prithee *John* let her alone, she has been vext already: she'll grow stark mad.

Joh. I would see her mad. An old mad woman is like a Millers Mare troubled with tooth-ach. She'll make the rarest faces!

Landl. VVell *Don John*, there will be times again; when O good mother, what's good for a Carnositie in

the Bladder? O the green water, mother.

Joh. Doting take ye, do you remember that?

Fred. She has paid you now, Sir.

Landl. Clarie, sweet mother, Clarie.

Fred. Are ye satisfied?

Landl. I'll never whore again, never give Petticoats and VVastcoats at five pounds apiece; good mother, quickly mother. Now mock on, son. *Exit.*

Joh. A devil grind your old chaps.

Fred. By this hand, VVench, I'll give thee a new hood for this. Has she met with your Lordship?

Joh. Touch-wood take her, she's a rare costly mother. *Exeunt.*

Enter Landlady *and* Lady.

Lady. I have told you all I can; to me you seem a worthy woman, one of those are seldom found in our sex, VVise, and Vertuous. Direct me, I beseech you.

Landl. Ye say well, Lady, and hold to that point; for in these businesses a womans counsel that conceives the matter, Do ye mark me, that conceives the matter, Lady, is worth ten mens engagements: she knows something, and out of that, can work like wax; when men are giddy-headed, either out of wine, or a more drunkenness, vain ostentation, discovering all: there is no more keep in 'um, then hold upon an Eels tail; nay, 'tis held fashion now all they can.

Lady. I, but these Gentlemen ——

Landl. Do not you trust to that: these Gentlemen are as all other Gentlemen, of the same Barrel; I, and the self-same Pickle. Be it granted they have used ye with respect and fair behaviour yet since ye came; do you know what must follow? They are Spaniards, Lady, Genners of high mettle: Things that will thrash the Devil

Devil or his Dam, let 'em appear but cloven.

Lady. Now Heaven bleſs me!

Landl. Mad Colts will court the VVind: I know 'em, Lady, to the leaſt hair they have; and I tell you, old as I am, let but the pint-pot bleſs 'em, they'll offer to my years.

Lady. How!——

Landl. Such rude Gambols——

Lady. To you?——

Landl. I, and ſo handle me, that oft I am forced to fight of all four for my ſafetie: There's the younger, *Don John*, the arranteſt Jack in all this Citie. The other, Time has blaſted, yet he will ſtoop, if not ore-flown, and freely on the Quarrie: Has been a Dragon in his days. But Tarmont, *Don Jenkin* is the Devil himſelf; the Dog-days the moſt incomprehenſible VVhoremaſter, twentie a night is nothing; Beggers, Broom-women, and thoſe ſo miſerable, they look like famine, are all ſweet Ladies in his drink.

Lady. He's a handſom Gentleman, pitie he ſhould be maſter of ſuch follies.

Landl. He's ne'r without a noiſe of Syrrenges in's pocket, thoſe proclaim him, Birding-pills, VVaters to cool his Conſcience, in ſmall Viols; with thouſand ſuch ſufficient emblems. The truth is, whoſe Chaſtitie he chops upon, he cares not. He flies at all; Baſtards upon my Conſcience he has in making, multitudes; The laſt night he brought home one, I pitie her that bore it, but we are all weak Veſſels: ſome rich woman, (for VViſe I dare not call her) was the mother, for it was hung with jewels, the bearing-cloth no leſs then crimſon-Velver.

Lady. How!

Landl. 'Tis true, Lady.

Lady. VVas it a boy too?

Landl. A brave boy, deliberation and judgement shew'd in's begetting; as I'll say for him, he's as well pac'd for that sport.

Lady. May I see it?

Landl. You shall see it: but what do ye think of these men now you know 'em, and of the cause I told ye of? I but tell you for your own good, and as you will find it, Lady.

Lady. I am advised.

Landl. No more words then; do that, and instantly.

Don Joh. I'il fit you for your frumps: she that's wise leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it.

Exeunt.

The Testy Lord.

ARGUMENT.

He is imployd near the King, in which office he exerciseth his Passion, and is as crosly dealt withall by another Lord.

Persons Names.

Calianax, Melantius, Diagoras, Amintor, Aspatia, two Gentlewomen, the King, Diphisus.

Enter Diagoras and Calianax.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better for shame, you let in all the world, and anon the King will rail at me: by Jove, the King will have the Shew i'th' Court.

Diag

Diag. Why do you ſwear ſo, my Lord? you know he'll have it here.

Cal. By this light, if he be wiſe he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wiſe, you are forſworn.

Cal. One may ſweat his heart out with ſwearing, and get thanks on no ſide; I'll be gone, look to't who will.

Diag. My Lord, I will never keep 'em out: pray ſtay, your looks will terrifie 'em.

Cal. My looks terrifie 'em, you Coxcombly Aſs you? I'll be judg'd by all the companie whether thou haſt not a worſe face then I.—

Diag. I mean, becauſe they know you and your office.

Cal. Office? I would I could put it off. I am ſure I ſweat quite through my office: ſerve that will. *Exit.*

Diag. He's ſo humorous,---hark, hark; there, there, ſo, ſo, cuds, cuds, what now?

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag O my Lord, he muſt: is your Lady plac'd? *Enter Calianax, Melantius.*

Melan. Yes Sir, I thank you. My Lord *Calianax*, well met; your cauſleſs hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Who plac'd the Lady there, ſo near the preſence of the King?

Melan. I did.

Cal. My Lord, ſhe muſt not ſit there.

Melan. Why?

Cal. The place is kept for a woman of more worth.

Melan. More worth then ſhe? it miſ-becomes your age and place to be ſo womaniſh; forbear: what you have ſpoke, I am content to think the Palſie ſhook your tongue to.

Cal. Why 'tis well if I ſtand here to place mens Wenches?

Melan. I ſhall forget this place, thy age, and through all, cut that poor ſickly VVeek thou haſt to live, away from thee.

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your VVhore.

Mel. Bate the King, and he be fleſh and blood, he lies that ſaies it: thy mother at fifteen was black and ſinful to her.

Cal. I, you may ſay your pleaſure. *Enter Aminter.*

Am. VVhat vild injurie has ſtirred my worthy friend, who is as ſlow to fight with words as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heap of age which I ſhould reverence if it were temperate; but teſtie years are moſt contemptible.

Am. Good Sir forbear.

Cal. There is juſt ſuch another as your ſelf.

Am. He will wrong you or me, or any man, and talk as if he had no life to loſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Calianax to Aſpatia, and two Gentlewomen.

Cal. How now huſwifes? what, at your eaſe? is this a time to ſit ſtill? Up, you young lazie whores, up, or I'll ſwinge you.

1 *Gent.* Nay, good my Lord.

Cal. You'll lie down ſhortly; Get you in and work: what, are you grown ſo reſtie? you want ears; we ſhall have ſome of the Court-boys do that office.

2 *Gent.* My Lord, we do no more then we are charg'd; It is the Ladies pleaſure we be thus in grief: ſhe is forſaken.

Cal. There's a rogue too, a young diſſembling ſlave; well, get you in, I'll have a bout with that boy, 'tis high time now to be valiant. I confeſs my youth was never prone that way: what, made an Aſs? a Court-Stale? VVell, I will be valiant, and beat ſome dozen of theſe whelps, I will: and there's another of 'em, a trim cheating Souldier, I'll mawl that Raſcal; has out-brav'd me twice,

twice, but now I thank the gods I am valiant: Go, get you in, I'll take a course with all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Calianax to Melantius.

Cal. O *Melantius*, my daughter will die.

Mel. Trust me, I am sorry; would thou hadst ta'n her room.

Cal. Thou art a Slave, a Cut-throat Slave, a bloody treacherous Slave.

Mel. Take heed, old Man, thou wilt be heard to rave, and lose thine offices.

Cal. I am valiant grown at all these years, and thou art but a Slave.

Mel. Leave: some companie will come, and I respect thy years, not thee so much, that I could wish to laugh at thee alone.

Cal. I'll spoil your mirth, I mean to fight with thee; there lie my Cloak, this was my fathers sword, and he durst fight; are you prepar'd?

Mel. Why? wilt thou dote thy self out of thy life? hence, get thee to bed, have careful looking to, and eat warm things, and trouble not me; my head is full of thoughts more weightie then thy life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in War, when you stand safe amongst a multitude; but I will trie what you dare do unto a weak old Man in single fight; you'll ground I fear. Come, draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death upon thee with a stroke: there's no one blow that thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me. Tempt me not so far then; the power of earth shall not redeem thee.

Cal. I must let him alone, he's stout and able; and to say the truth, however I may set a face and talk, I am

not valiant. VVhen I was a youth, I kept my credit with a testie trick I had amongst Cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I will not promise you to preserve your life if you do stay.

Cal. I would give half my land that I durst fight with that proud man a little: if I had men to hold, I would beat him till he ask me mercie.

Mel. Sir, will you be gone?

Cal. I dare not stay, but I will go home and beat my servants all over for this. *Exit.*

Mel. This old Man haunts me; but the distracted carriage of mine *Aminter* takes deeply on me, I will find the cause: I fear his Conscience cries, he wrong'd *Aspatia.* *Exit.*

Enter Calianax, to him Melantius.

Mel. Good my Lord, forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd you, but would have peace with every man.

Cal. 'Tis well: if I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. Y'are touchie without cause.

Cal. Do, mock me.

Mel. By mine honour.

Cal. Honour? where is't?

Mel. See what stairs you make into your hatred, to my love and freedome to you.---I come with resolution to obtain a suit of you.

Cal. A suit of me? 'tis very like it should be granted, Sir.

Mel. Nay, go not hence: 'Tis this, You have the keeping of the Fort, and I would wish you, by the love you ought to bear unto me, to deliver it into my hands.

Cal.

Cal. I am in hope that thou art mad, to talk to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reason to move you to it. I would kill the King, that wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal. Out Traitour!

Mel. Nay, but stay; I cannot scape, the deed once done, without I have this Fort.

Cal. And should I help thee? Now thy treacherous mind betraies it self.

Mel. Come, delay me not, give me a sudden answer, or already thy last is spoke: refuse not offer'd love when it comes clad in secrets.

Cal. If I say I will not, he will kill me; I do see it writ in his looks: and should I say I will, he'll run and tell the King. I do not shun your friendship, dear *Melantius*, but this cause is weightie, give me but an hour to think.

Mel. Take it,---I know this goes unto the King, but I am arm'd. *Exit Mel.*

Cal. Methinks I feel my self but twentie again, this fighting Fool wants policie. I shall revenge my Girl, and make her red again. I pray my legs will last that pace that I will carry, I shall want breath before I finde the King. *Exit.*

The King and Calianax.

King. It sounds incredible.

Cal. Yes, so does every thing I say, of late.

King. Not so, *Calianax.*

Cal. Yes, I should sit mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.

King. Well, I will trie him.

Cal. Why, if it be a lie, mine ears are false, for I'll be sworn I heard it. Old men are good for nothing; you were

were best to put me to death for hearing, and free him for meaning of it; you would have trusted me once, but the time is altered.

King. And will still, where I may do it with Justice to the world. You have no witness?

Cal. Yes, my self.

King. No more, I mean, there were that heard it.

Cal. How, no more? why am not I enough to hang a thousand Rogues?

King. But so you may hang honest men too, if you please.

Cal. I may, 'tis like I will do so; there are a hundred will swear it for a need too, if I say it.

King. Such witnesses we need not.

Cal. And 'tis hard if my word cannot hang a boisterous Knave.

King. Enough: if he should desire the Combat of you, 'tis not in the power of all our Laws to hinder it.

Cal. Why, if you do think 'tis fit an old Man and a Counsellour to fight for what he saies, then you may grant it.

Enter Melantius, Amintor, &c.

King. Give me a bowl of wine: *Melantius*, I am now considering how easie 'twere for any man to trust to poison one of us in such a bowl.

Mel. I think it were not hard, Sir, for a Knave.

Cal. Such as you are.

Mel. Have you thought of this, *Calianax*?

Cal. Yes marry have I.

Mel. And what's your resolution?

Cal. Ye shall have it soundly.

King. Yet I wonder much of the strange desperation of these men; he could not escape that did it.

Mel.

Mel. Were he known, unpoſſible.

King. It would be known, *Melantius*; I ſhould think no man could kill me and ſcape clear, but that old Man.

Cal. But I! Heaven bleſs me, I? ſhould I, my Liege?

King. I do not think thou wouldſt, but yet thou mightſt, for thou haſt in thy hands the means to ſcape, by keeping of the Fort; he has, *Melantius*, and he has kept it well.

Mel. From Cobwebs, Sir, 'tis clean ſwept.

Cal. I ſhall be ſure of your good word; but I have kept it ſafe from ſuch as you.

King. Melantius, to ſhew you my ears are every where, You meant to kill me, and get the Fort to ſcape.

Mel. You preſerve a race of idle people here about you, Eaters, and Talkers, to defame mens worths; Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't) to kill him that ſpake this.

Cal. I, that will be th'end of all; then I am fairly paid for all my care and ſervice.

Mel. That old Man that calls me enemie, and of whom I (though I will never match my hate ſo low) have no good thought, would yet I think excuſe me, and ſwear he thought me wrong'd in this.

Cal. Who I? thou ſhameleſs fellow, didſt thou not ſpeak to me of it thy ſelf?

Mel. O, then it came from him.

Cal. From me? who ſhould it come from, but from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough, but I ha' loſt my anger. Sir, I hope you are well ſatisfied.

King. Melantius, I held it great injuſtice to believe thine enemie, and did not; if I did, I do not: let that ſatisfie.

Cal. A few fine words have overcome my truth. Ah, th'art a Villain. *Mel.*

Mel. Why thou wilt let me have the Fort, Dotard; I will diſgrace thee thus for ever: there ſhall no credit lie upon thy words: think better, and believe it.

Cal. My Liege, he's at me now again to do it; ſpeak, deny it if thou canſt? Example him whilſt he's hot, for he'll cool again, he will forſwear it.

King. This is Lunacy I hope, *Melantius*?

Mel. He has loſt himſelf much: and though he call me Foe, I pitie him; for it becomes both you and me too, to forgive diſtraction: Pardon him as I do.

Cal. I'll not ſpeak for thee, for all thy cunning; if you will be ſafe, chop off his head, for there was never known ſo impudent a Raſcal.

King. Some that love him, get him to bed.

Mel. Calianax, the King believes you; come, you ſhall go home and reſt, you ha' done well; you'll give it up when I have us'd you thus a Moneth I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain Sir, he does move me ſtill; he ſaies, he knows I will give him up the Fort, when he has us'd me thus this Moneth; I am mad, am I not ſtill?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I ſhall be mad indeed, if you do thus; why would you truſt a ſturdy fellow there, (that has no vertue in him, all's in's ſword) before me? do but take his weapons away from him, and he's an Aſs, and I am a very Fool, both with him and without him, as you uſe me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis well, *Calianax*; but if you uſe this once again, I ſhall intreat ſome other to ſee your offices be well diſcharged. Good *Calianax* ſleep ſoundly, it will bring thee to thy ſelf.

Exeunt omnes. *Manent Mel. and Cal.*

Cal. Sleep ſoundly! I ſleep ſoundly now, I hope, I could not be thus elſe! How dar'ſt thou ſtay alone with me,

me, knowing how thou haſt us'd me?

Mel. You cannot blaſt me with your tongue, and that's the ſtrongeſt part you have about you.

Cal. I do look for ſome great puniſhment for this, for I begin to forget all my hate, and take't unkindly that mine enemie ſhould uſe me ſo extraordinarily ſcurvily.

Mel. I ſhall melt too, if you begin to take unkindneſs; I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me again; thou wretched rogue, meant me no hurt? diſgrace me with the King, loſe all my offices? this is no hurt, is it? I prithee what doſt thou call hurt?

Mel. To poiſon me becauſe they love me not; to call the credit of Mens wives in queſtion, to murder children betwixt me and land; this is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou thinkſt is ſport, for mine is worſe; but uſe thy will with me, for betwixt grief and anger I could crie.

Mel. Be wiſe then, and be ſafe; thou mayeſt revenge.

Cal. I o'th' King? I would revenge o'thee.

Mel. That you muſt plot your ſelf.

Cal. I am a fine Plotter.

Mel. The ſhort is, I will hold thee with the King in this perplexitie, till peeviſhneſs, and thy diſgrace hath laid thee in the grave. But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort, I'll take thy trembling body in my arms, and bear thee over dangers; thou ſhalt hold thy wonted ſtate.

Cal. If I ſhould tell the King, canſt thou deny't again?

Mel. Trie and believe.

Cal. Nay, then thou canſt bring any thing about; thou ſhalt have the Fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried.

Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet; I cannot well endure

dure to look on thee. And if I thought it were a curtesie, thou shouldst not have it; but I am disgrac'd, my offices are to be ta'n away. And if I did but hold this Fort a day, I do believe the King would take it from me, and give it thee, things are so strangely carried; Ne'r thank me for't: but yet the King shall know there was some such thing in't I told him of, and that I was an honest man.

Mel. He'll buy that knowledge very dearly. *Enter* What news with thee? *Diphilus.*

Diph. This were a night indeed to do it in.

Mel. Go, *Diphilus*, and take from this good man, my worthy friend, the Fort, he'll give it thee.

Diph. Ha'you got that too?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny this to the King too?

Diph. With a confidence as great as his.

Cal. Faith like enough.

Mel. Away, and use him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me, I hate the whole strain: if thou follow me a great way off, I'll give thee up the Fort, and hang your selves.

Mel. Be gone.

Diphil. He's finely wrought. *Exeunt.*

The

The IMPERICK.

ARGUMENT.

Under the notion of his knowledge in Chymiſtrie, he cheats a Grocer and a Preciſian.

Perſons Names.
Subtle, Drugger, Face.

Subtle. COme in, What is your name, ſay you, *Abel Drugger?*

Drug. Yes Sir.

Subt. Umh. Free of the Grocers?

Drug. I, an't pleaſe you.

Subt. Well,---Your buſineſs, *Abel?*

Drug. This, an't pleaſe your worſhip; I am a young beginner, and am building of a new Shop, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, juſt at corner of a ſtreet, (here's the plat on't) and I would know by Art, Sir, of your Worſhip, which way I ſhould make my door, by Necromancie, and where my Shelves, and which ſhould be for Boxes, and which for Pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir: and I was wiſht to your Worſhip, by a Gentleman, one Captain *Face*, that ſaies you know mens Planets, and their good Angels and their bad.

Subt. I do, if *I* do ſee 'em.---

Face. VVhat! my honeſt *Abel?* thou art well met here.

Drug. Troth Sir, *I* was ſpeaking juſt as your VVorſhip

ſhip came here, of your VVorſhip: *I* pray you ſpeak for me to Maſter Doctor.

Face. He ſhall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear? this is my friend, *Abel*, an honeſt fellow; he lets me have good Tobacco, and he does not ſophiſticate it with Sack-lees, or Oyl, nor waſhes it in Muſcadel, and Grains, nor buries it in Gravel, under ground, wrapt up in greaſie leather, or piſt clouts, but keeps it in fine Lilie-pots, that opened, ſmell like Conſerve of Roſes, or French Beans. He has his Maple block, his ſilver tongs, VVinchester pipes, and fire of Juniper. A neat, ſpruce-honeſt fellow, and no Goldſmith.

Subt. He is a fortunate fellow, that I am ſure on.

Face. Already Sir, Ha you found it? Lo thee *Abel*.

Subt. And in right way toward riches.----

Face. Sir?

Subt. This Summer, he will be of the clothing of his Companie: and next Spring called to the Scarlet, ſpend what he can.

Face. What, and ſo little beard?

Subt. Sir, you muſt think he may have a receit to make hair come: But he'l be wiſe, preſerve his youth, and fine for't: his fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Slid Doctor, how canſt thou know this ſo ſoon? I am amus'd at that!

Subt. By a rule, Captain, in Metapoſcopy, which I do work by, a certain Star i'th' forehead, which you ſee not. Your Cheſt-nut, or your Olive-colour'd face does never fail; and your long ear doth promiſe. *I* knew't by certain ſpots too, in his teeth, and on the nail of his Mercurial finger.

Face. Which finger's that?

Subt. This little finger. Look, you were born upon a VVedneſday?

Drug.

Drug. Yes indeed, Sir.

Subt. The thumb, in Chiromancie, we give *Venus*, the fore-finger to *Jove*, the midſt to *Saturn*, the ring to *Sol*, the leaſt to *Mercury*, who was the Lord, Sir, of this Horoſcope; his Houſe of Life being *Libra*, which foreſhew'd he ſhould be a Merchant, and ſhould trade with balance.

Face. VVhy this is ſtrange, is't not, honeſt *Nab*?

Subt. There is a Ship now coming from *Ormus*, that ſhall yeild him ſuch a commoditie of Drugs. —— This is the VVeſt, and this the South?

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Subt. And thoſe are your two ſides? *Looking upon the Plate.*

Drug. *I*, Sir.

Subt. Make me your Door then South, your broad-ſide VVeſt. And on the Eaſt-ſide of your Shop, aloft, write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*; upon the North part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*: they are the names of thoſe Mercurial Spirits that do fright Flies from Boxes.

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Subt. And beneath your threſhold, bury me a Load-ſtone to draw in Gallants that wear Spurs: the reſt they'll ſeem to follow.

Face. That's a Secret, *Nab!*

Subt. And on your Stall, a Puppet with a Vice, and a Court-ſucus to call Citie-Dames. You ſhall deal much with Minerals.

Drug. Sir, *I* have, at home, already ——

Subt. *I*, *I* know you have Arſnike, Vitriol, Sal-tartre, Argaile, Alkaly, Cinoper; *I* know all. This fellow, Captain, will come, in time, to be a great Diſtiller, and give a ſay, (*I* will not ſay directly, but very fair) at the Philoſophers Stone.

Face. VVhy how now, *Abel*? is this true?

Drug. Good Captain, what muſt *I* give him?

Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee; thou hear'st what wealth (he saies, Spend what thou canst) th'art like to come to.

Drug. I would give him a Crown.

Face. A Crown! and toward such a Fortune! Hear, thou shalt rather give him thy Shop. No gold about thee?

Drug. Yes, I have a Portague, I have kept this half year.

Face. Out on thee, *Nab!* 'Slight, there was such an offer---Shalt keep't no longer, I'll giv't him for thee. Doctor, *Nab* praies your Worship to drink this, and he will appear more grateful, as your skill does raise him in this VVorld.

Drug. I would intreat another favour of his VVorship.

Face. VVhat is't, *Nab*?

Drug. But to look over, Sir, my Almanack, and cross out my ill days; that I may neither bargain, nor trust upon them.

Face. That he shall, *Nab.*

Subt. And a direction for his Shelves.

Drug. And one thing more, Sir.

Face. VVhat is it, *Nab*?

Drug. A Sign, Sir.

Face. I, a good luckie one, a thriving Sign, Doctor.

Subt. I was devising now.

Face. ('Slight, Do not say so, he must give you more.) What say you to his Constellation, Doctor, the Balance?

Subt. No, that way is stale, and common. A Townsman born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull, or the Bulls head; in *Aries*, the Ram. A poor device: No, I will have his Name formed in some mystick Character; whose *radii* striking the senses of the Passers-by, shall, by a vertual influence

influence, breed affections that may result upon the partie owns it. As thus,———

Face. Nab, hast no more gold?

Drug. Not here, Sir, I protest.

Subt. He first shall have *A Bel*, that's *Abel*; and one standing by, whose name is *Dee*, in a *rugg* Gown; there's *D* and *Rugg*, that's *Drugg*; and right anenst him, a Dog snarling *Er*, there's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*; that's his Sign. And here's now Mysterie and Hieroglyphick.

Face. Abel, thou art made.

Drug. Sir, I do thank his Worship.

Face. Six o'thy legs more will not do it, *Nab.* He has brought you a pipe of Tobacco, Doctor.

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Subt. It seems to be good Tobacco; what is't an ounce?

Face. He'll send you a pound or two, Doctor.

Subt. O no!

Face. He will do't. It is the goodest soul! *Abel*, about it; thou shalt know more anon: away, be gone.

Subt. Keep aloof off, yonder's another Chapman: observe my call. Where is my drudge?——— *Exit Drug.* *Enter Ananias.*

Face. Sir.

Subt. Take away the Recipient, and rectifie the *Menstrue* from the *Phlegma*; then pour it o'the Sol, in the Cucurbite, and let 'em macerate together.

Face. Yes Sir. And save the ground?

Subt. No, *Terra damnata* must not have entrance in the work. Who are you?

Ananias. A faithful Brother, if it please you.

Subt. What's that? a Lullianist? a Ripley? *filius artis*? Can you sublime, and dulcifie? calcine? Know you the Sapor pontick? Sapor stiptick? or what is homogene, or heterogene?

Anan. I understand no heathen language, truly.

Subt. Heathen, you Knipper-Doling? is *ars sacra*, or *Chrysopœia*, or *Spagyrica*, or the *Pamphysick*, or *Panarchick* knowledge, a Heathen language?

Anan. Heathen Greek, I take it.

Subt. How! Heathen Greek?

Anan. All's Heathen but the Hebrew.

Sub. Sirrah, my Varlet, Stand you forth, and speak to him like a Philosopher: Answer i'th' language: Name the Vexations, and the Martyrizations of Metals in the Work.

Face. Sir, Putrefaction, Solution, Ablution, Sublimation, Cohobation, Calcination, Ceration, and Fixation.

Sub. This is Heathen Greek to you now? And when comes Vivification?

Face. After Mortification.

Anan. What's Cohobation?

Face. 'Tis the pouring on your *aqua regis*, and then drawing him off, to the trine circle of the seven spheres.

Subt. VVhat's the proper passion of Metals?

Face. Malleation.

Subt. VVhat's your *Ultimum supplicium auri*?

Face. *Antimonium.*

Subt. This is Heathen Greek to you? And what's your Mercury?

Face. A very fugitive, he will be gone, Sir.

Subt. How know you him?

Face. By his Viscositie, his Oleositie, and his Sufcitabilitie.

Subt. How do you sublime him?

Face. VVith the Calce of Egg-shels, white Marble, balk.

Subt. Your *Magisterium*, now, what's that?

Face. Shifting, Sir, your elements, dry into cold, cold into

into moiſt, moiſt into hot, hot into drie.

Subt. This is Heathen Greek to you ſtill? Your *Lapis Philoſophicus?*

Face. 'Tis a Stone, and not a Stone; a ſpirit, a ſoul, and body: which if you do diſſolve, it is diſſolved; if you coagulate, it is coagulated; if you make it to flie, it flieth.

Subt. Enough: this is Heathen Greek to you? what are you, Sir?

Anan. Pleaſe you, a ſervant of the exile Brethren, that deal with VVidows and with Orphans goods, and make a juſt account unto the Saints; a Deacon.

Subt. O you are ſent from Mr. *Wholſome* your Teacher?

Anan. From *Tribulation Wholſome*, our very zealous Paſtor.

Subt. Good. I have ſome Orphans goods to come here.

Anan. Of what kinde, Sir?

Subt. Pewter, and Braſs, and Irons, and Kitchinware; Metals that we muſt uſe our Medicine on: wherein the Brethren may have a penn'orth for ready money.

Anan. VVere the Orphans Parents ſincere Profeſſors?

Subt. VVhy do you ask?

Anan. Becauſe we then are to deal juſtly, and give (in truth) their utmoſt value.

Subt. 'Slid you'ld couzen elſe, and if their Parents were not of the faithfull? I will not truſt you, now I think on't, till I ha' talk'd with your Paſtor. Ha' you brought money to buy more Coals?

Anan. No ſurely.

Subt. No? how ſo?

Anan. The Brethren bid me ſay unto you, Sir, Surely they, they will not venture any more till

they may ſee Projection.

Subt. How?

Anan. Y'have had for the inſtruments, as Bricks, and Lome, and Glaſſes, already, thirty pound; and for Materials, they ſay, ſome ninety more: and they have heard ſince, that one at *Heidelberg* made it of an Egg, and a ſmall paper of Pin-duſt.

Subt. What's your name?

Anan. My name is *Ananias.*

Subt. Out, the Varlet that couzen'd the Apoſtles! Hence, away, flie Miſchief. Had your holy Conſiſtorie no name to ſend me of another ſound, then wicked *Ananias?* Send your Elders hither to make atonement for you, quickly, and give me ſatisfaction, or out goes the fire, and down th'Alembecks, and the Fornace: *Piger Henricus*, or what not? Thou wretch, both *Semicon* and *Bufo* ſhall be loſt, tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the Biſhops, or th'Antichriſtian Hierarchie, ſhall periſh, if they ſtay threeſcore minutes. The Aqueitie, Terreitie, and Sulphureitie, ſhall run together again, and all be anull'd, thou wicked *Ananias.* *Exit Ananias.* This will fetch 'em, and make 'em haſte toward their gulling more.

A man muſt deal like a rough Nurſe, and fright thoſe that are froward, to an appetite. *Exeunt.*

The

The SURPRISE.

ARGUMENT.

He prepares a Country-Interlude against the Julian Feast, at the Presentment whereof, his foster-sister is stolen away, &c.

Number of Actors.

The Miller, his Wife, their Son, their Foster-Daughter, a Lord, who steals her away; Julio, in whose house the Scene is presented; Orante, who marries the Foster-Sister, found to be Julio's Daughter: two Gentlemen, Friends, Philip the King, &c.

Enter Julio, and two or three Gentlemen, as to the Entertainment.

Julio. COme, come, the Sports are coming on us; Seat, seat your selves, Gentlemen.

Enter a Boy presenting Cupid.

Boy. Love is little, and therefore I present him: Love is a fire, therefore you may lament him.

2 *Gent.* Alas poor Love, who are they that can quench him?

Boy. Love shoots, therefore I bear his Bowe about: And Love is blinde, therefore my eys are our.

1 *Gent.* I never heard Love give reason for what he did, before.

Enter a Millers Son for Paris.

Boy. Let such as can see, see such as cannot: behold,
Our Goddesses all three strive for the Ball of Gold;
And here fair *Paris* comes, the hopeful youth of *Troy*,
Queen *Hecubs* darling-son, King *Priams* onely joy.

2 Gent. Is this *Paris*? I should have taken him for *Hector* rather.

Son. Paris, at this time pray you hold your prating.

1 Gent. Paris can be angry, I see.

Julio. At this time he comes as a Judge.

2 Gent. Mercy on all that looks upon him, say I.

Son. The thundering Seas whose watry fires
Washes the Whiting Mops.
The gentle Whale, whose feet so fell,
Flies o're the Mountain tops.
No roars so fierce, no throats so deep,
No howls can bring such fears
As *Paris* can, if Garden from
He calls his Dogs and Bears.

2 Gent. I, those they were that I fear'd all this while.

Son. Yes, Jack-an-Apes.

2 Gent. I thank you, Sir *Paris*.

Son. You may hold your peace, and stand farther out o'th' way then: the lines will fall where they light.
Yes, Jack-an-Apes, he hath to sports,
And faces make like Mirth;
Whilst bellowing Bulls, the horned Beasts
Do toss from Ground to Earth.
Bloud Bear there is, as Cupid blind.

2 Gent. That Bear would be whipt for loosing of his eys.

Son. Be whipped man may see,
But we present no such content, but Nymphs such as (they be.

Enter

Enter a Shepherd singing with three Nymphs, as Juno, Pallas, Venus; Venus presented by his sister.

Son. Go Cupid blinde, conduct the dumb,
For Ladies must not speak here;
Let Shepherds sing with dancing feet,
And cords of Musick break here.

Song ended.

Now Ladies fight, with heels so light,
By lot your luck must fall,
Where *Paris* please, to do you ease,
And give the golden Ball.

A Dance.

Boy. The Dance is ended; now to Judgment, *Paris.*

Son. Here, *Juno*, here: but stay, I do espy
A pretty glance coming from *Pallas* eye:
Here, *Pallas*, here; yet stay again, methinks
I see the eye of Love, by *Venus* winks.
Oh close them both! Shut in those golden Eyne,
And I will kiss those sweet blind cheeks of thine.
Juno is angry; yes, and *Pallas* frowns:
Would *Paris* now were gone from *Ida's* Downs.
They both are fair; but *Venus* has the Mole,
The fairest hair and sweetest dimple hole.
To her, or her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one man please three Ladies altogether?
No, take it, *Venus*, toss it at thy pleasure,
Thou art the Lovers friend, beyond his measure.

1 *Gent.* *Paris* has done what Man can do, pleas'd me, who can do more? *Enter a Lord (as Mars.)*

2 *Gent.* Stay, here's another person.

Lord. Come, lovely *Venus*, leave this lower Orb,
And mount with *Mars* up to his glorious sphear.

Millers Son. How now! what's he?

Millers daughter. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

Lord.

Lord. Thy silver yoke of Doves are in the Team,
And thou shalt flie thorow Apollo's beam:
I'll see thee seated in thy golden Throne, *Takes her*
And hold with *Mars* a sweet Conjunction. *away.*

Mill. Son. Ha! what fellow's this? he has carried away my sister *Venus*: he never rehears'd his part with me before.

1 *Gent.* What follows now, Prince *Paris?*

She cries within, Help, help!

Mill. Son. Hue and cry: I think Sir, this is *Venus* voice, my own and onely sister.

2 *Gent.* What, is there some Tragick-Act behind?

Son. No, no, altogether Comical; *Mars* and *Venus* are in the old Conjunction, it seems.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis very improper then; for *Venus* never cries out when she Conjoyns with *Mars.*

Son. That's true indeed, they are out of their parts sure. It may be 'tis the Book-holders fault: I'll go see.

Exit.

1 *Gent.* How like you our Country-Revels, Gentlemen?

2 *Gent.* Oh, they commend themselves, Sir.

3 *Gent.* Methinks now *Juno* and *Minerva* should take revenge on *Paris:* it cannot end without it.

1 *Gent.* It may follow; let's not premeditate the history. *Enter Mill. Son crying.*

Mill. Son. Oh, oh, oh, oh!

1 *Gent.* So, here's a Passion towards.

Mill. Son. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen; my sister, my *Venus* is stoln away.

2 *Gent.* The Story changes from our expectation.

Mill. Son. Help, my father the Miller will hang me else: God *Mars* is a bawdy Villain; he said she should ride upon Doves: she's hors'd, she's hors'd whether she will or no.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* Sure I think he's serious.

Mill. son. She's hors'd upon a double Gelding, and a Stone-horse in the breech of her: the poor Wench cries help, and I crie help, and none of you will help.

1 *Gent.* Speak, is it the Shew, or dost thou bawl?

Mill. son. A pox on the Ball; my sister bawls, and I bawl. Either bridle a horse and follow me, or give me a halter to hang my self: I cannot run so fast as a hog.

Julio. I'll fill the Country with pursuit, but I will find the Thief. My house thus abus'd?

Mill. son. 'Tis my house that's abus'd, the sister of my flesh and blood: oh, oh, oh! *Exeunt.*

Enter two Gentlemen with the Miller's son.

1 *Gent.* By all means discharge your follower.

2 *Gent.* If we can get him off. Sirrah, thou must needs run back.

Mill. son. But I must not, unless you send a Bier, or a Lictor at my back. I do not use to run from my friends.

2 *Gent.* Well, Go will serve turn: I have forgot.

Mill. son. VVhat, Sir?

2 *Gent.* See if I can think on't now.

Son. I know what 'tis now.

2 *Gent.* A Pistolet of that.

Son. Done; you have forgot a device to send me away. You are going a smocking perhaps.

1 *Gent.* His own, due, due i'faith *Antonio*: the Pistolet's his own.

2 *Gent.* I confess it, there 'tis.
Now if you could afford out of it a reasonable excuse to my Uncle.

Mill. son. Yes, I can: but an excuse will not serve your turn: it must be a lie, a full lie, a downright lie, 'twill do no good else: if you'll go to the price of that.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Is a lie dearer then an excuse?

Son. Oh, treble: this is the price of an Excuse; but a Lie is two more. Look how many foils goes to a fair fall, so many Excuses go to a full Lie; and less cannot serve your turn, let any Taylor i'th' Town make it.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but reasonable; give him his price: let it be large enough now.

Mill. son. I'll warrant you cover him all over.

2 *Gent.* I would have proof of one now.

Mill. son. What? scale my Invention beforehand? you shall pardon me for that: Well, I'll commend you to your Uncle, and tell him you'll be at home at Supper with him.

1 *Gent.* By no means, I cannot come to night (man.)

Mill. son. I know that too; you do not know a lie when you see it: remember it must stretch for all night.

Mill. son. I shall want stuff; I doubt 'twill come to the other Pistolet.

2 *Gent.* Well, lay out, you shall be no loser, Sir.

Mill. son. It must be fac'd; you know there will be a yard of Dissimulation at least, (City-measure) and cut upon an untroth or two, lin'd with fables, that must needs be, cold weather coming; if it had a gallon of hypocrisie, 'twould do well; and hooked together with a couple of Conceits, that's necessitie: Well, I'll bring in my Bill: I'll warrant you as fair a Lie, by that time I have done with it, as any Gentleman i'th' Town can swear too, if he would betray his Lord and Master.

Exit.

2 *Gent.* So, so, this necessary trouble's over.

1 *Gent.* I would you had bought an excuse of him before he went: you'll want one for your Lady.

Enter again.

Mill. son. Oh Gentlemen, look to your selves, ye are men

men of another world else; your enemies are upon you: the old house of the *Bellides* will fall upon your heads: Seignior *Lisauro!*

2 *Gent.* *Lisauro?*

Mill. son. And *Don* what call you him? he's a Gentleman: yet he has but a yeomans name, *Don Tarse*, *Tarso*, and a dozen at their heels.

2 *Gent.* *Lisauro, Tarso*, nor a dozen more, shall fright me from my ground, nor shun my path, let 'em come on in their ablest fury.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis worthily resolv'd: I'll stand by you, Sir; this way I am thy true friend.

Mill. son. I'll be gone, Sir, that one may live to tell what's become of you.——Put up, put up; will you never learn to know a Lie from an *Æsops* Fable? there's a taste for you now. *Exit.*

2 *Gent.* 'Tis very well, adieu Trojan. *Exeunt.*

Enter Julio.

Julio. My mind's unquiet; while *Antonio*
My Nephew is abroad, my heart is not at home,
Onely my fears stay with me; bad Companie;
But I cannot shift 'em off. This hatred
Betwixt the house o'th *Bellides* and Us,
Is not fair VVar: 'tis civil, but uncivil.
It has lasted too many Sun-sets.
Man should not lose so many days of Peace,
To satisfie the Anger of one minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The Knave to attend my *Antonio* too,
Yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

Enter Millers son.

Mill. son. No, I must not.

Julio. Hah! he's come.

Mill.

Mill. son. I must not; 'twill break his heart to hear it.

Julio. How! he will not tell me for breaking of my heart: 'tis half split already, I must obscure and hear it.

Mill. son. I have spi'd him; Now to knock down a *Don* with a Lie, a silly harmless Lie; 'twill be valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.

Julio. I cannot hear him now.

Mill. son. Oh the bloody daies that we live in! the envious, malicious, deadly daies that we draw breath in!

Julio. Now I hear too lowd.

Mill. son. The children that ever shall be born, may rue it; for men that are slain now, might have liv'd to have got children, that might have curs'd their fathers.

Julio. Oh my posteritie is ruin'd!

Mill. son. Oh sweet *Antonio!*

Julio. Oh dear *Antonio!*

Mill. son. Yet it was nobly done on both parts, when he and *Lisauro* met.

Julio. Oh, Death has parted 'em.

Mill. son. VVelcome my mortal Foe (saies one,) welcome my deadly Enemie (saies the other): off go their doublets, they in their shirts, and their swords, stark naked; here lies *Antonio*, here lies *Lisauro*: he comes upon him with an Embroccado, that he puts by with a *punta reversa*: *Lisauro* recoils me two paces and some six inches back, takes his Career, and then, oh!

Julio. Oh!

Mill. son. Runs *Antonio* quite thorow.

Julio. Oh Villain!

Mill. son. Quite thorow, between the arm and the body; so he had no hurt at that bout.

Julio. Goodness be prais'd.

Mill. son. But then at th'next Encounter, he fetches me up *Lisauro*; *Lisauro* makes out a Long at him, which

which he thinking to be a Paſſada, *Antonio*'s foot ſliping: down, oh, down.

Julio. Oh now thou art loſt.

Mill. ſon. Oh but the quality of the thing: both Gentlemen, both Spaniſh Chriſtians, yet one man to ſhed---

Julio. Say his Enemies blood.

Mill. ſon. His hair may come by divers Caſualties, though he never go into the Field with his Foe: but a man to loſe nine ounces and two drams of blood at one wound, thirteen and a ſcruple at another, and to live till he die in cold blood: yet the Chirurgeon (that cur'd him) ſaid, if *Pia-mater* had not been periſhed, he had been a lives man to this day.

Julio. There he concludes he is gone.

Mill. ſon. But all this is nothing: now I come to the point.

Julio. I, the point, that's deadly: the ancient blow over the buckler ne'r went half ſo deep.

Mill. ſon. Yet Pity bids me keep in my Charity: for me to pull an old Mans ears from his head with telling of a Tale: Oh foul Tale! Furthermore, there is the charge of Burial; every one will cry blacks, blacks, that had but the leaſt finger in his blood, though ten degrees removed when 'twas done. Moreover, the Chirurgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-plums, and Sweet-breads; yet it may be the Man may recover again, and die in his bed.

Julio. VVhat motley ſtuff is this? Sirrah, ſpeak truth what hath befall'n my dear *Antonio*; what thou keep'it back from truth, thou ſhalt ſpeak in pain: do not look to finde a Limb in his right place, a Bone unbroke, nor ſo much fleſh unbroil'd of all that Mountain, as a VVorm might ſup on; diſpatch, or be diſpatch'd.

Mill. ſon. Alas Sir, I know nothing, but that *Antonio* is a man of Gods making to this hour; 'tis not two ſince I left him ſo.

Julio.

Julio. When didst thou leave him?

Mill. son. In the same clothes he had on when he went from you.

Julio. Does he live?

Mill. son. I saw him drink.

Julio. Is he wounded?

Mill. son. He may have a cut in the leg by this time: for *Don Martin* and he were at whole slashes.

Julio. Met he not with *Lysauro*?

Mill. son. I do not know her.

Julio. Her? *Lysauro* is a man as he is.

Mill. son. I saw ne'r a man like him.

Julio. Didst not thou discourse a fight betwixt *Antonio* and *Lysauro*?

Mill. son. I, to my self: I hope a man may give himself the Lie, if it please him?

Julio. Didst thou lie then?

Mill. son. As sure as you live now.

Julio. I live the happier by it: when will he return?

Mill. son. That he sent me to tell you, within these ten days, at farthest.

Julio. Ten days? he was not wont to be absent two.

Mill. son. Nor I think he will not.
He said he would be at home to morrow; but I love to speak within my compass.

Julio. You shall speak within mine, Sir, now. Within there: take this fellow into custody: *Enter servants.* keep him safe, I charge you.

Mill. son. Safe! do you hear? take notice what plight you finde me in: if there want but a Collop, or a Steak o'me, look to't.

Julio. If my Nephew return not in his health to morrow, thou goest to the Rack.

Mill. son. Let me go to th'Manger first;
I had rather eat Oats then Hay. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Philip, Orante, Miller, Julio, Millers son, severally.

Mill. son. So-hoh, Miller, Miller, Look out, Miller: Is there ne'r a Miller amongst you here, Gentlemen?

Miller. Yes, here is a Miller amongst Gentlemen, a Gentleman-Miller.

Son. I should not be far off then; there went but a pair of Shears and a Bodkin between us. Will you to work, Miller? here's a Maid has a Sack full of News for you: Shall your Stones walk? will you grinde, Miller?

Phil. This your son, *Franio*?

Mill. My ungratious, my disobedient, my unnatural, my Rebel-son, (my Lord.)

Son. Fie, your hopper runs over, Miller.

Mill. This Villain (of my own flesh and blood) was accessary to the stealing of my daughter.

Son. Oh Mountain!
Shalt thou call a Mole-hill a scab upon the face of the earth? though a Man be a Thief, shall a Miller call him so? Oh egregious!

Julio. Remember, sirrah, who you speak before.

Son. I speak before a Miller, a Thief in grain; for he steals Corn. He that steals a Wench, is a true Man, to him.

Phil. Can you prove that?

Son. I'll prove it strongly.
He that steals Corn, steals the Bread of the Commonwealth: he that steals a Wench, steals but the flesh.

Phil. And how is their Bread-stealing more criminal then the flesh?

Son. He that steals bread, steals that which is lawful every day: he that steals flesh, steals nothing from the

fasting day: *Ergo*, to steal the bread is the arranter Thief.

Phil. This is to some purpose.

Son. Again, he that steals flesh, steals for his own belly full; he that steals bread, robs the Guts of others: *Ergo*, the arranter Thief the Bread-stealer. Again, he that steals flesh, steals once and gives over; yes, and often pays for it; the other steals every day without satisfaction. To conclude, Bread-stealing is the more Capital Crime: for what he steals, he puts it in at the head; he that steals flesh (as the Dutch Author saies) puts it in at the foot (the lower Member.) VVill you go as you are now, *Miller*?

Enter Gillian the Millers wife.

Mill. wife. I can no longer own
What is not mine with a free Conscience.
My Liege, your pardon.

Phil. For what? who knows this woman?

Miller. I, best (my Lord,)
I have been acquainted with her these forty Summers, and as many Winters, were it Spring agen; she's like the Gout, I--

Phil. Oh, your wife.

Mill. 'Tis oh my wife indeed (my Lord) a painful stitch to my side; would it were pickt out.

Phil. Well, Sir, your silence.

Son. VVill you be older and older every day then other? the longer you live, the older still? Must his Majestie command your silence, ere you'll hold your tongue?

Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same fault: Pray Sir, will you be silent.

Son. I have told him this before now (my Liege) but Age will have his course, and his weaknesses.

Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.

Son.

Son. And his frailties, and his follies (as I may say) that cannot hold his tongue ere he be bidden.

Phil. Why sirrah, ha?

Son. But I believe your Majestie will not be long troubled with him: I hope that woman has something to confess, will hang 'em both.

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your Destinie upon you,
If you cease not the sooner.

Son. Nay, I have done; yet it grieves me that I should call that man father, that should be so shameless, that being commanded to hold his tongue---

Phil. To th'Porters Lodge with him.

Son. I thank your Grace, I have a friend there.

Julio. It hardly will get passage, it is a sorrow of that greatness grown, 'less it dissolve in tears, and come by parcels.

Millers wife. I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery, and bring you forth a joy: you lost a daughter.

Julio. 'Twas that recounted thought brought forth these sorrows.

Mill. wife. She's found again; Know you this Mantle, Sir?

Julio. Hah!

Mill. wife This did enwrap your child, now the Counts wife, *&c.*

Julio. Oh thou hast ta'n so many years from me, and made me young as was her birth-day to me.

Phil. You knew this before.

Son. Oh, oh; Item for you Miller.

Miller. I did, my Liege, I must confess I did; We poor ones love, and would have comfort, Sir, as well as great.

Son. I beseech you, (my Liege) let this Woman be a little farther examin'd; let the words of her Conscience be search'd. I would know how she came by me; I am a

loſt child, if I be theirs: though I have been brought up in a Mill, yet I had ever a minde (methought) to be a greater man.

Mill. Wife. Thou art mine own fleſh and blood, born of mine own body.

Son. 'Tis very unlikely that ſuch a body ſhould bear me; there's no truſt in theſe Millers. Woman, tell the truth, my father ſhall forgive thee, whatſoever he was; were he Knight, Eſquire, or Captain; leſs he could not be.

Mill. Wife. Thou art mine own child, Boy.

Son. And was the Miller my father?

Mill. Wife. Wouldſt thou make thy mother a whore, Knave?

Son. I, if ſhe make me a Baſtard. The Rack muſt make her confeſs, I ſhall never come to know who I am elſe. I have a worſhipful mind in me ſure: methinks I do ſcorn poor folks.

Julio. You both ſhall be rewarded bountifully. We'll be a kin too, Brother and Siſter ſhall be chang'd with us ever. *To the Miller and his wife.*

Son. Thank you (Uncle) my Siſter is my Couſin yet at the laſt caſt: farewell Siſter-foſter. If I had known the Civil Law would have allowed it, thou hadſt had another manner of husband then thou haſt: but much good do thee; I'll dance at thy Wedding, kiſs the Bride, and ſo.

Julio. Why how now, Sirrah?

Mill. Son. 'Tis lawful now, ſhe's none of my ſiſter.

It was a Miller and a Lord
That had a Scabbard and a Sword,
He put it up in the Country word,
The Miller and his Daughter.

She

She has a face, and she can sing,
She has a grace, and she can spring;
She has a place, with another thing,
Tradoodle.

I would I were acquainted with your Taylor (noble Brother.)

Orante. You may, there he is.

Taylor. If you have any work for me, I can fit you. Sir, I fitted the Lady.

Son. My sister (Taylor)? What fits her, will hardly fit me: you have a true Yard (Taylor)?

Taylor. Ne'r a whit too long, I warrant you.

Son. Then (Taylor) march with me away;
I scorn these Robes, I must be gay,
My Noble Brother he shall pay
Tom Taylor.

Exeunt.

The Doctors of *Dull-head Colledge.*

ARGUMENT.

A Love-sick Gentleman, by the over-curious care of his kindred, is perplexed with unneceſſary Phyſitians, who are by ſome of his merry Viſitants and Companions baffled, and he releaſed from their vexation.

Enter Doctors with an Urinal.

1 *Ph.* A Pleuriſie, I ſee it.

2 *Ph.* A I rather hold for *tremor cordis.*

3 *Ph.* Do you mark the *Fæces?*

2 *Ph.* 'Tis a moſt peſtilent contagious Feaver, a Surfet, a plaguy Surfet: he muſt bleed.

1 *Ph.* By no means.

3 *Ph.* I ſay, bleed.

1 *Ph.* I ſay 'tis dangerous, the perſon being ſpent ſo much beforehand, and nature drawn ſo low: Clyſters, cool Clyſters.

2 *Ph.* Now, with your favour, I ſhould think a Vomit; for take away the Cauſe, the Effect muſt follow: the ſtomack's foul and fur'd, the pot's inflam'd yet.

Enter ſervant.

Serv. Will it pleaſe you draw near? the ſick Gentleman grows worſe and worſe ſtill.

1 *Ph.* We will attend him.

2 *Ph.*

2 *Ph.* He ſhall do well, my friend.

Serv. My Maſters love, Sir.

3 *Ph.* There's no doubt in him, none at all, never fear him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frank ſick, Phyſitians, an Apothecary.

1 *Ph.* Clap on the Cataplaſm.

Fr. Good Gentlemen, good learned Gentlemen.

2 *Ph.* And ſee thoſe broths there ready within this hour: pray keep your arms in; the air is raw, and miniſters much evil.

Fr. Pray leave me, I beſeech you leave me, Gentlemen, I have no other ſickneſs but your preſence; convey your Cataplaſms to thoſe that need 'em, your Vomits and your Clyſters.

3 *Ph.* Pray be rul'd, Sir.

1 *Ph.* Bring in the Lettice Cap; you muſt be ſhav'd, Sir, and then how ſuddenly we'll make you ſleep!

Fr. Till Dooms-day: What unneceſſary nothings are theſe about a wounded mind?

2 *Ph.* How do ye?

Fr. VVhat queſtions they propound too! How do you, Sir? I am glad to ſee you well.

3 *Ph.* A great diſtemper, it grows hotter ſtill.

1 *Ph.* Open your mouth, I pray, Sir.

Fr. Can you tell me how old I am then? there's my hand, pray ſhew me how many broken ſhins within this two year. VVho would be thus in fetters? Good Maſter Doctor, and you dear Doctor, and the third ſweet Doctor, and as pretious Maſter Apothecary, I do pray you to give me leave to live a little longer: ye ſtand before me like my blacks.

Enter his Comrades.

Thomas. How doſt thou *Frank*? bear up, boy; what, ſhrink i'th' ſinews for a little ſickneſs?

Fr. Thou art a mad Companion, never ſtaid, *Tom*?

Thom. Let Rogues be ſtaid, that have no habitation, a Gentleman may wander: ſit thee down, *Frank*, and ſee what I have brought thee: Come, diſcover, open the Scene, and let the work appear: a friend at need, you Rogue, is worth a Million.

Fr. VVhat haſt thou there, a Julip?

Hylas. He muſt not touch it, 'tis preſent death.

Tom. Ye are an Aſs, a Twir-pipe, a Jeffery-John-bo-peep: thou miniſter? thou mend a left-handed pack-ſaddle; out Puppy. My friend *Frank*, but a very fooliſh fellow: doſt thou ſee that bottle? view it well.

Fr. I do, *Tom*.

Thom. There be as many lives in't as a Cat carries, 'tis everlaſting liquor.

Fr. VVhat?

Thom. Old Sack, boy, old reverend Sack.

Fr. I ſee no harm, *Tom*, drink with moderation.

Tom. Drink't with Sugar, which I have ready here; and here's a glaſs, boy, fill it: hang up your Julips, and your Portugal-poſſets, your Barley-broths, and Sorrel ſops; they are mangy, and breed the Scratches onely: give me Sack: have at thee.

Fr. Do; I'll pledge thee.

Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry, Heigh! like a Huntſman, with a clear heart, and no more fits I'll warrant thee; the onely Cordial, *Frank*.

1 *Ph.* Are the things ready?

Serv. Long ſince, Sir.

1 *Ph.* Bring out the oyls then.

Fr.

Fr. Now or never, Gentlemen, do me a kindneſs, and deliver me.

Thom. From whom, boy?

Fr. From thoſe things that talk there, Phyſitians, *Tom*, Phyſitians, Scouring-ſticks; they mean to read upon me.

Thom. And be thou confident we will deliver thee: for look ye, Doctors, ſay the Devil were ſick now, his horns ſaw'd off, and his head bound with a biggin, ſick of a Calenture, taken by a ſurfet of ſtinking ſouls, at his Nephews and S. *Dunſtans*, what would you miniſter upon the ſudden? your Judgement, ſhort and ſound.

1 *Ph.* A fools head.

Thom. No Sir, it muſt be a Phyſitians, for three cauſes; the firſt, becauſe it is a bald-head likely, which will down eaſily without apple-pap.

3 *Ph.* A main cauſe.

Thom. So it is, and well conſidered. The ſecond, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, Sir, which ſo tumbles in his ſtomach, Doctor, and works upon the Crudities, conceive me, the fears and the fiddle-ſtrings within it, that thoſe damned ſouls muſt diſembogue again.

Hylas. Or meeting with the Stygian humour.

Thom. Right, Sir.

Hylas. Forc'd with a Cataplaſm of Crackers.

Thom. Ever.

Hylas. Scowre all before him like a Scavinger.

Thom. Satisfeciſti Domine. My laſt cauſe, my laſt is, and not leaſt, moſt learned Doctors, becauſe in moſt Phyſitians heads (I mean thoſe that are moſt excellent, and old withall, and angry, though a Patient ſay his prayers, and Paracelſians that do trade with poiſons, we have it by tradition of great VVriters) there is a kinde of Toadſtone bred, whoſe vertue the Doctor, being dry'd.

1 *Ph.*

1 *Ph.* VVe are abus'd, Sirs.

Hyl. I take it ſo, or ſhall be: for ſay, the Belly-ach cauſed by an inundation of Peaſe-porridge, are we therefore to open the Port-vein, or the Port-Eſquiline?

Sam. A learned queſtion: or grant the Diaphragma by a rupture, the Sign being then in the head of *Capricorn*——

Thom. Meet with the paſſion *Hypercondriaca*, and ſo cauſe a Carnoſitie in the Kidneys, muſt not the brains being butter'd with this humour? anſwer me that.

Sam. Moſt excellently argued.

2 *Ph.* The next fit you will have, my moſt fine Scholer, Bedlam ſhall finde a ſalve for. Fare you well, Sir: we came to do you good, but theſe young Doctors, it ſeems, have boar'd our Noſes.

3 *Ph.* Drink hard, Gentlemen, and get unwholſom Drabs; 'tis ten to one then we ſhall hear farther from ye, your Note alter'd. *Exit Phyſ.*

Sing.

Thom. And wilt thou be gone, ſays one.
Hyl. And wilt thou be gone, ſays tother.
Thom. Then take, take the odd Crown,
To mend thy old Gown,
Sam. And we'll be gone all together.
Fr. My learned *Tom*, gramercy. *Exeunt.*

The End.

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